

*a Print of the Author
Never published.
7700. b. 32*

THE
NARRATIVE
OF
R-B-R-T CL-B-R-Y GL-N-N, M.D.

CONCERNING THE LATE
STRANGE AND DEPLORABLE FRENZY
OF THE
R-V-R-ND R-CH-RD W-TS-N, D.D.F.R.S.
R-gius Pr-f-ff-r of D-v-n-ty, in the Un-v-rf-ty of C-mbr-dge.

IN WHICH ARE INTRODUCED
Many Eminent and Well-known PERSONAGES who visited the
D-CT-R in this unfortunate Condition.

Faithfully copied from the Original Manuscript, transmitted from C-mbr-dge to
THE ROYAL SOCIETY and ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, Oct. 21, 1780.

I must acquaint my rural Reader, that we polite Men of the Town give the name of A LION to
any one who is a *great Man's Spy*.

• Mr. IRONSIDE has muzzled three Lions lately.

Guardian, No 71.

The Diversion of baiting an *Author* has the Sanction of all Ages and Nations, and is more lawful
than the Sport of teizing other Animals, because for the most Part he comes voluntarily to the
Stake, furnished, as he imagines, by the Patron Powers of Literature, with the mail of *The Boar*
of Erymanth, and the Paws of THE LION of Nemea.

Rambler, No 170.

Je vous jure, sans jurer, que tout est vrai ; pour Assurance de quoi les enfans de la Science
mettront la main au *Simbole* de la Conscience.

Beroald de Verville.

Εξομεν δι' ἑ τοῦ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΥ ΤΟΥΤΟΥ διακρίναι τε ἀπὸ τῶν ἀλλῶν ζῶων, καὶ εὐλκρινῶς νοησθαι δυνήσομεθα.
Sext. Empyrici Inst. Pyrrhon. L. 2. C. 5.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES,
By the AUTHOR of the HEROIC EPISTLE, HEROIC ADDRESS, &c. to Dr. W-TS-N.
Πηλον το μεγα Κομπολακυθα πεσεν ! Aristophan. Acharn. sub. fin.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXXI.

THE
NARRATIVE

OF THE

11... 673

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

By the Author of the HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

Quæ facti gratia? quæ merces in re literariâ, unde quæstus nullus, nulla viro alienum nomen usurpanti, suum dissimulanti gloria?

Huet. Demonst. Evang. Axiom. 1. Edit. 8vo. 1680. Pag. 19.

AS I thought I could not gratify the Public in a more satisfactory manner, than by copying the following Narrative of Dr. Glenn, I shall make no apology for having employed myself in the illustration of this work. Every composition which receives the signature of Dr. Glenn will and must be esteemed original, as to its matter and manner; as his extensive knowledge and conversation with mankind qualify him in a peculiar degree to give it the finishing excellence:

*Ut per læve severos
Effundat junctura unges *.*

Moreover, the office of a Physician gives a man an opportunity of observing the various dispositions, the traits and nuances of character; for he must be skilled in the nature of those idle weeds that grow luxuriant in the uncultivated soil, as well as of the generous stalk, whose nutritious juices being intimately commixt with its first seminal principle, gradually expand themselves to that just maturity, when Nature, with a parent's fondness, surveys her perfect work. If the Reader therefore should perceive the characters displayed in the course of the following Work, to demonstrate a knowledge of the human heart †, a power of removing the veil of assumed greatness, and of exposing things as they really ‡ are with uncommon boldness, not under feigned, but actually existing personages; he will know to what cause it is to be ascribed.

The copyer of this composition, though by no means desirous of destroying the due, the necessary subordinations of society, patrician and plebeian; yet being con-

* Pers. Sat. 1.

† In the emphatic words of the great Apostle, γυμνα καὶ τετραχλισμένοι. Heb. c. 4. v. 13.

‡ It is an elegant remark of the Philosopher; Εἴστι καὶ τὸν Κόσμον ΜΥΘΟΝ εἶπεν, σωματῶν μὲν καὶ χρημάτων ἐν αὐτῷ φαινόμενων, Ψυχῶν δὲ καὶ νοῶν κρυπτομένων.

Sallust. Philosoph. περὶ Θεῶν καὶ Κοσμικ. Κεφ. γ.

vinced

vinced of the original equality of mankind, and the inherent dignity of every individual as a man, will never tamely see himself, or any fellow-creature trampled on by a literary or political despot, even when he seems to claim it by sovereignty of nature; much less when full of sound and fury, signifying nothing: especially when he considers that "exceeding fierceness with perfect inability and impotence, makes the highest ridicule *". For if a man will indeed set himself up to impose on mankind, he must have that quality which the great Critic ascribes to the most original Poet of antiquity, he must know how to lie †; it is not sufficient that he have the faculty of what the Apostle would call in derision, leading silly women captive, he must have superior resources; he must be the simulator and dissimulator; his actions must not be too open; he must not suffer the broad day to witness them; they must be covered with a certain shade of night; the moon may see them, but the sun never: his person must not be too vulgar, till he hath bought golden opinions of mankind, and received as it were the stamp of authority ‡; but above all, he must cautiously remember the tenure on which he holds his dominion;

Son Empire est détruit, si l'Homme est reconnu §.

Proper ridicule seems to be the powerful weapon by which any character of this nature is to be undermined, and yet with charity and an acknowledgment of excellence whenever it is perceived; discernment also is required: the author must play round the breast with the lambent flame of humour, till by continued motion its power is increased, and the ill-prepared texture dissolves before its caustic influence.

It is pleasant to observe how writers of a particular class endeavour to decry the use of Satire, under a seeming approbation of it; never considering themselves to be its proper objects. For instance, Dr. Burney has employed many figures of rhetoric in the description of what it is capable of performing. First, he stiles it a Basilisk ||, and then its inherent property is to blast reputations and wither laurels; it next becomes a deadly instrument, and the reader is not surprized to

* Lord Shaftesbury's Essay on Wit and Humour. Sub fin.

† Δεδίδαχε μάλιστα Ομηρος και τες άλλες Ψευδη λεγειν. Arist. Art. Poet. c. 24.

‡ Quod talso creditum est, veri Vicem obtinet. 2 Curt. l. 8. sect. 8.

§ Voltaire's Trag. Mahomet.

That Eastern Impostor however took care, in the words of Ocellus Lucanus, Αει κατα ταυτο και αυταυτως διατελειν και ισον και ομοιον αυτον εαυτη.

Oc. Luc. de Univer. Natur. cap. 1.

|| Satire is an excellent weapon when employed against vice and folly; but it becomes a Basilisk in the hands of a man of strong passions and little feeling, who only employs it to blast the reputation and wither the laurels of those who differ from him in opinion, or whom mere caprice shall incline him to dislike; it is then a deadly instrument, an edged tool in the hands of a mischievous child, or a madman.

Burney. Hist. Mus. v. 1. p. 128.

find

And that it kills undeserving folks; then it is transformed into an edged tool, and of course apt to cut what comes in its way; though there is not an absolute necessity that it should be in the hands either of a mischievous child, or a madman, to perform such wonders. However, the Doctor allows satire to be "an excellent weapon against folly;" and here is the key which unlocks the secret, and discloses the full cause of all Dr. Burney's metaphorical anxiety.

Whatever I may seem, I am by no means actuated by any personal pique to Dr. W. or any other person; but I claim it as a common privilege to cast my eye over the field of life, and to catch the living manners. I am by no means given to what Lord Shaftesbury calls Magophony, or Priest-massacre; nor have I so much of the wild American in my composition, as to wish to destroy any man (especially such an one as Dr. W.) in order to rob him of his wit, or plunder him of his understanding. But on the other hand, I will bow to no Cyrill of Alexandria, no lordly President of factious councils; nor will I suffer them to work unnoticed in their sullen machinations:

Glomerare sub antra

Fumiferam noctem, commixtis igne tenebris.

I will be contented with the fate of Theodoret, who, as Dr. Jortin * informs me, attacked the formidable Cyrill †, and wrote in defence of Theodorus Mopsuestenus, who had the misfortune to displease boobies; and for this reason was not dignified with the title of Saint Theodoret. However, I cannot bear to see what Butler calls, "Consecrated geese in orders," meddling with government and matters they do not understand; for Dryden observes with great truth, that

Churchmen, though they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woeful, awkward politicians;
They make lame mischief, though they mean it well ‡.

But I must own, I should have been ashamed of the scandalous misapplication of my time, and of whatever talents and learning I have, if my whole scope had

* Jortin's Remarks on Eccles. Hist. v. 2. p. 281. ed. 2d.

† The Reader will not imagine me such a fool as to compare Dr. W. to St. Cyrill.

‡ Dryden's Don Sebastian. Let me add also the following, as it may not be uninteresting to many:

"Why then these foreign thoughts of state employments,
"Abhorrent to your function and your breeding?
"Poor droning truants of unpractis'd cells;
"Bred in the fellowship of bearded boys,
"What wonder is it if you know not men?
"Of all your College Virtues, nothing now
"But your original ignorance remains;
"Bloated with pride, ambition, avarice,
"You swell to counsel Kings and govern kingdoms."

Don Sebast.

been directed to Dr. W—n; for in his character many may read the different component parts of their own. The discerning Reader will perceive he is the mere vehicle for my sentiments on the most important subjects, in which I have toiled many a painful hour of no idle life. I cannot consider it as a prostitution of any abilities to tear off the vizor of literary imposture*, and to discover the infinitely small quantity of pure ore, when comparad with its intermingled alloy. I have directed my attention not only to men, but to all kinds of writing, whether the productions of single authors, or the publications of learned bodies; and have spoken my sentiments of them with a freedom of which I shall never be ashamed. For instance, I have viewed with indignation the futile half-yearly Pamphlets of the Royal Society of later times; however, the labours and genius of a Milner, will in some measure atone for the coglioneria of a Barrington. For when a Society, dignified with the name of Royal, will publish such crudities, as Thomas Coryatt would say, were “hastily gobbled up and undigested†,” and obtrude them on the world, as a writer of newspapers does whatever he can procure to fill the stated pages of his Paper; I appeal to those who know and understand these subjects, whether such things ought to be suffered to pass without some (though certainly an unavailing) censure from a pen like mine. But I know that herein I speak the sentiments of able men, who, though they behold Transactions like these with an indignant silence, can ill brook “*Ces messieurs gens de lettres, qui sont si très-savans, qu’ils en sont presque tous sots*‡.”

As to this present publication, if any one should wish to know more with respect to the Copier, I can assure him that no other person whatsoever, but Dr. G—n, and myself, have been at all concerned in it; that as to any further information, the conjecture of curiosity must for ever be fruitless. I have not written with a view to raise a laugh among gowned boys; but for such as can understand the full force of what I have advanced, who will probably peruse and perpend, though the nature of it will evidently forbid their pronouncing openly their sentiments on the subject. However, if any Gentleman or Lady (for I have been told, that some learned Ladies § read my works) should be desirous of knowing the real date of this composition, I can gratify him or her, in saying, that it

* The man of real erudition, who merits the esteem of mankind, constantly keeps his knowledge (to adapt the words of the great Philosopher) *ἐν συναρμογᾷ ἀδιαλυτῇ κατὰ λόγον ἀριστον*.

Plat. Timæus. Loc. De Anim. Mund.

† See Coryatt’s Crudities, lately re-published in three volumes octavo.

‡ Beroald de Verville.

§ *Pauca meo GALLO, quæ vel legat ipsa Lycoris,
Carmina sunt dicenda.*

Virg.

was, " *Au tems, au siecle, en l'indiction, en l'ere, en l'hejire, en l'hebdomade,*
" au lustre, en l'olympiade, en l'an, au terme, au mois, en la semaine, au jour,
" a l'heure, a la minute, et justement a l'instant †"—quand il falloit.

† Beroald de Verville.

ADDENDUM TO THE ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAD once intended to have given a sketch of Dr. Glan's character, one of the most respectable and amiable that humanity ever was acquainted with; but fortunately the following from *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, a Play, by some attributed to Shakespeare, will be infinitely more pleasing to an intelligent reader than any essay of my pen. The following is my unequivocal opinion of this great man.

Cer. *I held it ever*

*Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs,
 May the two latter darken and expend;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
 Have studied physic, through which secret art,
 By turning o'er authorities, I have,
 (Together with my practice) made familiar
 To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That Nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
 A more content in course of true delight,
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
 Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.*

Gent. *Your honour hath through Ephesus pour'd forth
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
 Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
 Such strong renown, as time shall never——*

ACT III. SCENE 3.

TO THE READER.

I would advise any Reader who shall peruse the following Narrative, not to have recourse to any of my notes, till he has once read Dr. Glan's performance from the beginning to the end. I think then my notes may afford him some instruction, or at least entertainment. The following is the best account I can give the reader of this Narrative and Notes taken together: Hic liber est conglutinatus ex tam multis libris, quod unus pinguis cocus per decem annos,

*Oves,
Boves,
Sues,
Grues,
Anseres,
Passeres, &c.*

coquere, aut unus fumosus calefactor, centum magna hypocausta per viginti annos ex illis calefacere possit.

Epist. Obscur. Vivor.



*He roard so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,
the very Shadow durst not follow him!*

Mr. PRESIDENT and Gentlemen of this Society,

AS I have always held the present age in great estimation for that laudable curiosity*, which it exerts in every subject minute or of importance; from the most valuable discoveries in Natural Philosophy and Medicine, to the slightest improvements in Mechanism; from Dr. Priestly's useful experiments on the nature of air, to the Abbè Spalanzini's humane thoughts on the reproduction of snails' heads†, after the amputation of the original capita; from Dr. Macbride's new-invented method of treating scorbutic disorders, to Dr. Graham's Medical Music and Magnetism; from the Museum of the celebrated Mr. Cox, to the wonderful Nocturnal Remembrancer and Royal Tickler, by which and by other *letel* contrivances the ingenious Mr. Pinchbeck has recommended himself to the notice of the most illustrious encouragers of merit in this kingdom:—it is from considerations like these that I apprehend the following account will not be unacceptable to this Society, and to all politico-literary men throughout the kingdom.

The Science ‡ which I have the honour to profess and exercise, has been peculiarly distinguished of late by it's attention to the most formidable and strange disorders to which this flesh, which walls about our life, is hourly exposed. Hence institutions of great emolument to mankind have been

————* *Componitur Orbis
Regis ad exemplum; nec sic inflectere sensus
Humanos edicta valent, quam vita regentis.*

† Mr. Cotte has thought proper to contradict the Abbè's opinion; Mr. C. says, that "out of *thousands* of snails who have suffered the operation, there have not been "above five or six" of them, which have, as is pretended, *reproduced their heads*;" this affords a suspicion that there may be some mistake, &c. Academie des Sciences 1778.

‡ The acute Friar Bacon has traced the origin of medicine as far back as he conveniently could.—Ante Æsculapium fuit inæstimabilis gloria medicinæ, secundum quod Aristoteles tangit
A in

been founded; Medical and Surgical Societies who hold an honourable and friendly intercourse with each other; who communicate descriptions of the most uncommon maladies which fall under their separate inspections; and as men of real abilities employ their talents with unremitting daily diligence in this labour of love, we may form the most sanguine expectations, that in process of time Philosophical and Medical Transactions may vie with the compilations of the English Laws and Statutes, and that sages in either art may be able, at no very distant period, to quote the 2456th page of the 197th volume in folio of the abridgment of their Works. I mean not to anticipate the felicity of a future age; but as I am now far advanced in the career allotted to mortals, I claim the privilege of old experience, which has ever been allowed to attain to something of prophetic foresight. I really am animated with a love of mankind; my heart is warm and feeling; nor is the pulse of its generosity less vivid now than when it beat with the briskness of youth; from the time of my first attendance on the Nosocomia in London, to the last call for the exertion of my abilities in the dangerous case I am to relate, when I was sent for,

Ut depositi proferrem fata *Richardi*.

You may possibly remember in your transactions about the year 1713, the case of one *Mr. John Dennis*, an officer in the Custom-house, who was troubled about that time with a *strange and deplorable Frenzy*, which bears the strongest analogy of any I know to Dr. *Walsley's*; which case, though indeed written by the able pen of *Dr. John Norris*, has by some incredible blunder been constantly inserted in the works of one Dr. Jonathan Swift, a *Divine*, Dean of St. Patrick's in Ireland. I mention this, as gentlemen of our * profession are not obliged to be conversant with writers of

in libro de regimine vitæ, quam *Adæ et Enoch* magis ascribit quam sequentibus philosophis. Et cum medicina magis sit necessaria homini quam multæ aliæ scientiæ, non est dubium quin filii * *Adæ et Enoch* illam invenerunt, quibus sapientiæ plenitudo data fuit, et quibus concessum fuit tam diu vivere propter studium sapientiæ perficiendum. Fr. Rog. Bacon. Opus Majus, Part 2. cap. 8. pag. 33. Edit. Jebb. Fol.

I am sorry so ingenious a man as *Abbè Fortis*, author of the late Travels into Dalmatia, differs from *Friar Bacon* in his opinion of the dignity of medicine. The *Abbè*, speaking of the *Morlacchi*, and the fevers they are subject to from dancing, says, "In this case, and in all others of the like nature, the *Morlacchi* do not apply to the physician, because, happily for them, there is none of that profession among them; but cure themselves after their own way." Travels into Dalmatia, 4to. p. 87. The reader will perceive the beauty of the *because*. I am almost tired of that word; half the writers of the present age use it most scandalously. I wish there was a literary court, with severe penalties for *misnomers*.

* The Doctor here speaks jocularly, as no profession ever abounded more with men of genius and erudition. I cannot help citing a passage in the Commentaries of the late Sir William

* Q. As all mankind may be called the sons of Adam, to whom does the Friar attribute the origin of medicine?

Black-

of that class; though indeed I remember in the beginning of this century a *Dr. John Arbuthnot*, who as well as *myself* had the unlucky reputation of having added all the elegance and urbanity of the classical scholar, to a profound knowledge of the healing art. I am indeed sorry, that any Divine should ever presume to meddle with the prescriptions of Hippocrates; and think Dr. Willis would have been wiser, in having applied the whole force of his genius to the illustration of the lively Fathers of the church, or the publication of the *cases* which once regaled the Synod of Dort, than in turning over the well-drugged pages of Avicenna or the great Cappadocian. But as in this free country no man is constrained to pursue with undeviating diligence one particular profession; Dr. Willis may perhaps have had a licence granted him by the Bishop of London, and his coadjutors, as it is in the act made and provided, before he presumed to handle the pulse of the body*, as well as of the conscience. You will excuse this little digression, another privilege I claim from age. I must own however that I wished much for Dr. Willis's assistance, as I hear he is peculiarly famous for his treatment of maniacs.

I think it is now high time to inform this Society of the subject concerning which I am about to discourse; and as I have an odd fondness for such writers as Tully and Quintilian, not to mention the Stagyrice, I think I cannot dispose my matter in a more lucid order than that in which the great Roman Orator generally arranges his, or at least his commentators have done for him, which you know amounts to the same thing. I mean, the *Tempus et Locus*, the *Genus Cause*, the *Partes*, and what the aforesaid commentators have with singular sagacity placed last, the *Eventus*.

1. *Tempus et Locus*. As to the *time* and *place*; I must inform you, that one evening, after my return from collecting the Olympic dust on the plains of Newmarket, where I had been sent for to visit a Patient, I sat down in my chambers in K^{ing}'s C^{ol}l^{ege}, in order to refresh myself after the fatigues of the day. I began to ruminate on the uncertainty of human life; on the merciless fury of the great Destroyer, who spares neither

Blackstone, in which that elegant, deep, and perspicuous writer, after having delivered his reasons why gentlemen of almost every profession should apply themselves to the study of the English law, says, that he sees no particular reason, why those who profess the faculty of physic should betake themselves to it, "unless in common with other gentlemen, and to complete the character of general and extensive knowledge, a character which *their* profession, *beyond others*, has remarkably deserved" Blackst. Com. B. 1. cap. 1.

* I think if Dr. Willis, or any *divine*, acted in that capacity under the imperial law, they would rather be afraid of the following *Lex Aquilia*:

Si medicus, qui servum tuum secuerit, dereliquerit curationem ejus, aut ob id mortuus fuerit servus, culpæ reus erit.

Imperitia quoque culpæ adnumeratur: veluti si medicus servum tuum occiderit, quia male illum secuerit, aut perperam ei medicamentum dederit. Justin. Instit. l. 4. tit. 3. sect. 6 & 7.

Cæsars

Cæsars nor Muftis, neither Archbishops nor Curates, neither imperial Professors nor humble Fellows. I was *muttering my wayward fancies*, when I accidentally cast my eye on the darling of my soul, the *præsidium et dulce decus meum*, my adored *Rowley*, who seemed to lament the injuries he had sustained from the rude attacks of Warton and Percy: I then shed some of those pious drops which natural affection prompts us to distill over the misfortunes of a beloved friend, for such I esteem that glorious Bard, whose song, in spite of detracting interested envy, will be as everlasting as posterity; he is the delight of my declining years; he is the author,

Quem semper *acerbum*,
Semper honoratum (sic dii voluistis) habebo.

I was about to utter (not for the first time) some strange *crotchets* of my own relative to the boy Chatterton, whom Nature in one of her wild vagaries put together in order to deceive a fond foolish world, who withdrew himself from every sublunary turmoil with indignation at the ungrateful reception he had met with from those who call themselves patrons of unbefriended merit; whose soul, like another literary Hampden, withstood the little tyrant of *Otranto's* territory, till at the last, from desperate scenes of unnatural atheism and immature debauchery, it plunged into the abyss of duration, without a fear and without a hope!

When I had finished my exclamations and reflections of this nature, I got up from my chair, fetched my *Rowley*, unfolded the volume, and put myself in a proper attitude to express my feelings when I came to a favourite passage; when lo, the book opened at the beginning of the second eclogue, and while I was reading the words,

*Richard * of Lion's heart* to fight is gone;

I heard a violent rapping at my door of an unusual sort; not like the humble tap of wretched poverty, which often visits my chamber to implore the tribute of my healing art, for some dear relation compassed round with solitude and sickness, and lingering on the threshold of dissolution; but a sound that demanded instant admittance. The *valvarum strepitus* roused both Rowley and myself; I ran with ungowned impatience to the

* Mr. Hume informs me that this king "was so pleased with the *fame* which he had acquired "in the *East*, that he determined, notwithstanding his *past misfortunes*, to have further exhausted "his kingdom, and to have exposed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition "against the *Infidels*." Hum. Hist. v. 2. p. 35. 8vo.

It is to be hoped that a late *Heroic Address in Prose* will prevent Dr. W—t—n from attempting again such an enterprize in a literary sense.

So have I seen, in *Araby the blest*,

A Phoenix couch'd upon her funeral nest!

door,

door, and found an * Esquire Beadle, the expedition of whose violent love had rendered him almost breathless; he laboured to tell his tale, but utterance was denied him for a space: at last he thus began;

Esq. B. Dear Dr. come without delay; wrap yourself in your red surtout, and come to assist a wretched victim who lies under the dominion of St. Vitus †, or the Moon, or the Devil ‡ himself. I cannot now relate to you the nature of his distemper: you must come—the family intreats your instant coming, Dr. W—t—n is absolutely ungovernable—a moment may be fatal.

Dr. G—n. Hold you, my master D—w—s, the Mufti himself must wait for his archiater till he can get ready: I have no carriage of my own; but will put out my *well extended foot*, as fast as my strength will allow me: you say he is under the dominion of the devil; so that I must prepare strange antidotes indeed: though it would be better to send for an able-bodied Divine, such as Dr. Sh—ph—rd, *once* Fellow of Chr—st's C—ll—ge, or W—t—n, the robustious Schoolmaster; but unfortunately the Divines of our University are no great *conjurers*, so that I fear the cure will rest upon me.

Esq. B. Oh, Sir, do not let us prose any longer; you cannot tell what mischief Dr. W. may have done by this time to himself, his family, his dear babes, his domestics, his furniture, his alembics, and all his ap-

* If any one of his M—j—sty's Pr—f—ss—rs loses his senses, he has a right to have one of the *Esquire Beadles* of the University for his *keeper*; the senior to the D—v—n—ty Pr—f—ss—r, and so according to rank. See that chapter of the University Statutes, entitled *De Bedellis Armigeris*.

† The Abbè Fortis (*auctor supra laudatus*) in his *Travels into Dalmatia*, gives the following curious account of a *dance* (something like St. Vitus's I think) in use among the *Morlacchi*: "The dance is called *Kolo*, or circle, which soon turns into *sbocci-gosi*, or *high-dancing*. All the dancers, men and women, taking hold of each other's hands form a *circle*, and turn slowly round to the harsh notes of an instrument. Then the circle changes its form, sometimes into an *ellipsis*, and sometimes into a *square*, according as the dance becomes *more animated*, and at last transforms itself into the *most violent springs and leaps*, in which the women also join, and the whole becomes *wild confusion*. It frequently happens that *inflammatory fevers* are the immediate consequence of this violent dancing." *Trav. into Dalmatia*, pag. 86.

Perhaps Dr. W—t—n may have been engaged in some of this favourite *sbocci-gosi* dancing and caught cold.

Oh, che leggiadro e grazioso ballo!

‡ There is a case something like Dr. W—t—n's mentioned by the great Harvey; his words are the following:

Virum cordatum novi, qui *præ ira et indignatione* ob acceptam injuriam a *potentiori* et illatam contumeliam, adeo æstuans exardescibat, ut invidia et odio in dies (*ob inhibitam vindictam*) auctis, et animi passione vehementi, qua maxime exulceratus erat, *nemini patefacta*, tandem in *mirum morbi genus* incidit, &c.—Amici ipsum veneficio a malefica affectum putabant, aut *cacodamone* obsessum.—Harvey mentions the dissection of the body: In cadavere dissecto, inveni cor et aortam adeo distenta et sanguine referta, ut cordis moles et ventriculorum cavitates *bovini cordis magnitudinem* compensarent et æquipollerent. Tantæ sanguinis cohibiti et conclusi vires sunt tantæque impetus. *Harveii Opera a Coll. Med. Lond. edit. 4to. p. 127.*

B

purtenances;

purtenances; he absolutely is raving; and you know, even when he is in his perfect senses, it is pretty difficult to keep him down.

Dr. G. Why, my master, if matters are as you represent them, no time is to be lost. It's a bloody odd affair; what, he is a sort of theological Bidental, I suppose; however I'll be with you presently and see what can be done. But I hope it is nothing more than a *chemical vertigo* *.

By this time the Esquire Beadle had recovered himself; I invited him to sit down, and offered him any thing but physic for his refreshment. I was now ready and equipped in my *scarlet gown*, and had it been winter, I should not have forgotten a *lantern for my paths*. The Esquire Beadle and myself now issued from the portals of my royal mansion. It was now between the seventh and eighth hour of the evening.

2. GENUS CAUSÆ. Having mentioned the time and place, I shall now proceed to the *Genus causæ*, or nature of the distemper under which Dr. W—t—n laboured. It was the first of the kind that had ever come under my observation, and beyond dispute so strange and unheard-of a malady, that there is scarce any parallel to it in all the annals of medicine, if we except the case of Mr. *John Dennis* mentioned above. But to proceed in my narrative. I confess I did not expect to find every thing strictly as the gentleman had related, thinking that the insane root might also have taken his reason prisoner; or at least that the violent panic might have caused an involuntary exaggeration of the real case; but I was soon convinced that what he had related was but a faint blazon of the dreadful scene.

I journeyed on my way, having saluted many a Levite or Gownsmen as I went along, till I arrived within about an hundred yards of Dr. W—t—n's house; I know not any term in any † language adequate to the expression of my sensations. The neighbours were affrighted; said they were sure Dr. W—t—n's house was haunted, and might well say so

* Dr. Gl—nn, I suppose, alludes to Linnæus, who observes in his *Amœnitates Academica*, that, *Chemici a fumo hydrargyri, vitrioli, similibusq; sæpe tussis, peripneumonias, et vertigines sentiunt.* Linn. Amœn. Academ. Vol. 7. p. 88.

Perhaps, to use Du Cange's words, Dr. W—t—n was *Arabico eloquio sublimatus*, &c. Du Cange *Gloss. Med. Inf. Lat.* Tom. 1. Præf. p. 27. sect. 31.

† Perhaps Dr. W—t—n's favourite Nagri language, which is said to be older than the *Shanscritta*, might have a turn or two corresponding to Dr. G——'s sensations. Since writing my *Heroic Address* I have discovered a language used by an *Impostor of the East*, who feigned himself to be a *Dragon* (not a *Lion*) which I take to be a branch of the original Nagri:

Μορφι ἐβαργυλῆς εἰς σκῆψιν χνευχικραγα, &c. Lucian. *Ψευδομαντις* Sect. 51.

I am not much surprized at the Un-v-rsity of C-mbr-dge being deceived with Dr. W——. Lucian assigns the reason. Συγχαρὸν χρὴ ἀπονεμεῖν τοῖς Παφλαγοῖσι (some MSS. have Κανταβρυγοῖσι) παχέσι καὶ ἀπαιδεύτοις ἀνθρώποις, εἰ ἐξηπατήθησαν ὑπὸ τοῖσιν. Ib. sect. 7. I refer the reader, who neither delighteth in the Nagri nor Greek languages, to Dr. Franklin's late elegant and spirited translation of Lucian, many parts of which I have read with singular pleasure.

with truth. The cries and strange sounds which issued from thence at first reminded me of the arch-apostate's voyage through Chaos, when

——An universal hubbub wild

Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,

Affaulted through the hollow dark his ear.

I turned boldly, and would have said with Satan to the anarch old, *I come no spy, but by constraint*; when another *crotchet* struck my fancy, for I was now within distance to distinguish accents, and I thought of Circe and her bestial train, for the allegory of the poet was here strictly verified: lions growled, tygers scowled, and all what Lucretius calls the *bucera sæcla*, were to be seen or rather heard within that region.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræq; Leonum,

Vincla recusantum, et ferâ sub nocte rudentum.

I had no conception of what the devil it was; for all the spirits of the nethermost abyfs could not have howled forth more barbarous dissonance. I was now at the threshold of the mansion, and found a domestic ready, who opened the door without my knocking, as the family had been waiting for my arrival with impatience. I stepped in, and next followed the Esquire Beadle. We were taken into the parlour, and the Nurse* came to me all woe-begone, and scarce able to utter a word; but however, with intervening sobs she at last told me Dr. W-tf-n's melancholy catastrophe. I was then conducted to the door of the room which was tenanted by the mighty maniac. I chose to have an assistant or two for fear of consequences, though my disposition is not green and pale; so with the Esquire Beadle and a domestic I advanced, *and bound up each corporal agent to the terrible feat* I was about to undertake.

I knocked, no answer; I knocked again, when a tremendous growl assaulted my auditory; I knew not what to think: I knocked once more, not willing to be guilty of rude intrusion till the accustomed words, "Come in;" but instead of them, another growl deeper and louder than before. I hesitated a space; but as nothing issued but growl after growl, I took courage and boldly rushed into the apartment. Here, Mr. President, an humiliating spectacle indeed presented itself; or rather a spectacle whose horror effaced every idea, but what was confined to the object before me; like the blood on Macbeth's hand, which was sufficient to *incarnadine the multitudinous sea, making the green—One red.*

Behold then the R-v-r-nd Dr. R—ch—rd W—t—n, his M—j—sty's Pr—f—f—r of D—v—n—ty, *on all fours!* He was almost naked in the

* Not a common Nurse, but one who corresponded to the dignity of the *Τροφός* in the ancient Greek Tragedy; when the reader is informed who *she* was, he will not be surprised at the *hard words* which she uses now and then.

hirsuteness * of nature ; he had a large piece of tawney-coloured + leather about his loins ; from the † gable-end of his body depended a § cow's tail fastened on by a small piece of cord, with which he lashed his sides ; his nails were grown to a length sufficient to constitute them claws ; he had on his head a bushy wig uncombed and out of curl, which flowed adown his shoulders, imitating a mane so exactly, as to have beguiled a sudden view. Had I met this figure on the plains of Numidia, I had accounted myself a man devoted unto death. As soon as I entered, he glared on me, shook his mane, and set up such a roar, as intimidated me in no small degree. Don't be afraid, Sir, said Esquire Beadle, it is only his humour ; he fancies himself a tawny lion ; *he won't bite* ; he only loves to make this noise when the fit is on him. A strange humour truly, thought I to myself ; whence can this proceed ? I meditated in speechless trance :

Muffabat tacito medicina timore.

He couched, and was quiet again. I ruminated and called to mind all that ancient sages had written on similar subjects ; Lucretius rushed on my fancy ; he had drawn a picture, as it were, from the life ; never did any

* Γυμνος, διαζωμα δε περι το αιδειον εχων, &c. Lucian. Ψευδομαντις. Sec. 13.

+ Tanned perhaps according to Dr. Macbride's "improved method of tanning leather."—See *Philosophical Transactions* 1778. Dr. M—— observes with great ingenuity, that "the use of tanning is two-fold : first, to preserve the leather from rotting ; secondly, to render it impervious to water." Indeed !—I imagine in happier days, when the *Royal Society* was in its splendor, when NEWTON was in the chair (and an *Atwood* might have written in the *Transactions* without disgrace to himself) I say, when *Newton* was President, he would have been surprised at *such* a subject, and in all probability would have voted the *well-tanned* author deducendum corio bovis in mare, for an affront to the Society, as there would have been no danger of *his being wet to the skin*.

Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium !

‡ Dr. Johnson defines the *gable end* to be "the sloping roof of a building : " it is to be remembered Dr. W—— was *upon all fours*. Dr. J—— adduces the following passage to illustrate his definition : "Take care that all the brick-work be covered with the tiling, without *gable-ends*, which are *very heavy*, and very apt to *let the water* into the brick-work." Mortimer's Husbandry.

§ This was a tail, I suppose, of one of Dr. Burney's *Travelling Cows* (V. Pref. to his *Travels in Germany*) or one from the kingdom of Thibet, of which Mr. Stewart gives the following account : "The Bramins have a great veneration for *the Cow* ; but they transfer it wholly from the common species to that which bears *the tails*.—One of their great staple articles is that of *cows' tails*, so famous all over India, and other kingdoms of *the East*. It is produced from another species of cow or bullock, different from what I believe is found in any other country. It is of a larger size than the common Thibet breed, has short horns and a hump on its back : its skin is covered with whitish hair of a silky appearance ; but its chief singularity is in its *tail*, which spreads out *broad and long with flowing hairs*, like that of a beautiful mare, but much finer and far more glossy. *The tails* sell very high, mounted on silver handles, for *chowras* or *brushes* to chase away the flies ; and *no man of consequence* in India ever goes out or *sits at home* " in

any thing correspond so exactly, though the bard of Epicurus had nothing *leonine* in his thoughts or verses. I think his noble lines run thus :

Triste supercilium, furiosus vultus, et acer,
Sollicitæ porro, plenæq; sonoribus aures;
Creber spiritus atque ingens—
Inhorrebat rictum, frons tenta minebat*.

I thought of the Coan Father of Physic, and what he has delivered in his aphorismic wisdom; that opportunity is instant, experiment dangerous, and judgment difficult; or in his own concise elegance, † Ο καιρος ὄξυς, ἡ πειρα σφαλερή, ἡ κρίσις χαλεπή. This certainly was a time for the application of this celebrated precept. I remembered also, that he observes the autumn and part of the summer to be productive of insanity and other mental incapacities. His words are, ‡ Τα φθινοπώρη, και τα θερεος τα πολλα, επιληψιαι, και τα MANIKA, και τα μελαγχολικα κ. τ. λ. This led me to a more accurate contemplation of his case: I retired and begged leave to speak a few words with the Nurse (who was sensible enough for an old woman); she readily granted me my request, and a conversation ensued to the following effect, as she had been informed by the best authority of every circumstance prior and consequent to Dr. W—t—n's being affected in this deplorable manner.

Nurse. Well, Doctor, I am happy to find you are come down safe; I was afraid he would have rushed upon you, for he has been intolerably *rampant* since this fit seized him: he is no longer of that mild temper for which he was wont to be esteemed by his acquaintance. But what do you think of him? I hope you will be able to restore him, for we lead a sad life: indeed you are come rather *acrocnephous* §, I wish you had come sooner.

* *in form**, without two *chowabadars* or *brushers* attending him with such instruments in their hands." Stewart's Account of the Kingdom of Thibet. Phil. Transf. 1778.

After this enormous account of *tails*, I beg leave to present my reader with a description of some personages (from the same Philosophical Transactions) *without tails*. "There is a singular sort of *monks* called *Golok*, or wild people, and are thought to be an original mixture with the human race, *having no tails*. They are *very gentle and extremely modest*. They are of the height of a man; their teeth are as white as pearls, their legs and arms are in due proportion to their body, *which is very genteel*." The author adds, "Perhaps the drawing which I send you of *this singular sort of monks* may not prove unacceptable." Letters from M. de Visme in China to Mr. Baker. Phil. Transf. 1769. pag. 71.

* Lucret. l. 6. v. 1182.

† Hippoc. Aph. l. 1. a. 1.

‡ Hippoc. sec. 3. aph. 22.

§ Ἀκρονεφους Luc. Lexiph. *Late in the evening*.—N. B. I translate for the country Curates. Heroic Address.

* It must be a pleasant sight to see Dr. W—t—n, who is a man of consequence, sit at home in form, to receive the offices of their *Chowabadars*. I think the University should allow one *Chowabadar* to each Professor, to brush him up.

Dr. G. Madam, don't be alarmed too much; all may be well yet; but his disorder is of such a nature as requires me to be a little particular in some questions I must ask. Has he been peculiarly affected with any thing lately?

Nurse. Why, Doctor, he has had much writing; *the divinity has stirred within him* a good deal of late. I think the gentlemen of the gown call his occupation in the schools keeping acts and moderating, which has been rather troublesome and fatiguing.

Dr. G. Madam, this is only the ordinary course of business, and could not fatigue him much; his labours in that vineyard could never occasion a *deplorable frenzy*: besides, in these days there is no occasion for a Professor to muddle his head with the Fathers of the Church; if the Doctor were in his senses he would tell you so himself; there must be something else. Have you never observed any particular publication of late to work upon his spirits?

Nurse. Yes, I have heard him talk of two bulky volumes in quarto, on chemistry, which he intends to publish; but they seem to give him pleasure, his spirits were rather *hyperpaphlazient* on that occasion.

Dr. G. Pardon me, Madam, I did not understand you. (What bloody odd words she uses.)

Nurse. Doctor, I perceive your auricles are a little *cypselobusteous**; I wish that they were rendered more *euporous* to the sonoric pulses of the æthereal fluid. You must excuse my introducing an elegant expression or two now-and-then, but in general I shall use the vulgar speech. I say, he talked of publishing two large volumes on chemistry, which gave him pleasure.

Dr. G. Madam, I understand you now; I believe you are right; he always had a kindly liking to a crucible; he has said, "that from no part of physics has he received equal instruction or entertainment:" to be sure at present he has a little too much of the phlogiston in his composition, and to use your own word, is rather *hyperpaphlazient*.

Nurse. Stay, Sir, now I think of it, there is a little scurvy pamphlet published lately by some poetaster in rhyme, called an Heroic Epistle to the Reverend Dr. *Watson*, late Professor of Chemistry, now Professor of Divinity in the Un—v—rs—ty of C—mbr—ge; (you perceive the natural easy transition from chemistry to divinity, you would almost think they were dependent on each other.) On reading this epistle, it was observed that he shewed marks of something more than displeasure; he did not utter a syllable, which made his friends imagine he felt more; for you know that poignant affliction is marked by fullen silence.

* Συ κυψελοβυστα ἰσιναι; ἔχειν ὅτι Lucian. Lexiphan. sec. 1.

Dr. G. (She is a d—mn'd sensible old hag; where can she come from?) Madam, I thank you for the hint, which I must beg leave to pursue. I am sorry to disagree with you and some other people, in thinking it a masterly performance and the work of great genius: I speak *only* with regard to the composition, versification, and humour of the piece, nothing else; I cannot be supposed to know the truth of all the facts, though indeed I was informed by a gentleman who knows him *intus et in cute*, (I perceive you understand Latin and Greek too, Madam) who says nothing is advanced but what has truth for its support, though decorated with the grace of poetry. But however, as you mention it affected him strangely, give me leave to ask you, in my capacity as physician, whether any *particular* parts of it moved him; as every minute circumstance may tend to my effecting a cure by knowing the radical cause; and little things have great consequences.

Nurse. Since you question me as a medical man, I will mention some. First, he could not endure the thought of being compared to that quack Dr. Hill, and looked into his poetical dictionary for the meaning of the word *Proteus*; when he had found it out, he skipped at least two feet from the ground; the room shook so much with the divine professor's return to earth, that two fine china jars fell down, and some of Wedgewood's little urns started from the mantle-piece, and were broken in pieces; but he cried out to Mrs. W— with much *serenity* and sang froid, N' importe, my dear.

Dr. G. Faith, this is being *hyperpaphlazient* with a vengeance, as you observed just now, Madam; I think they should provide against these vagaries, as mariners do against the roll of a ship. Was there any other passage?

Nurse. Yes, several. The comparison of his frequent *changing sides* in politics and literature to Mr. Burke's lively description of the king of England's various titles. Mr. B— is certainly inimitable in his wit; but this fellow, I think, has made miserable work of it. However, as Dr. W— does not hear me, there may be truth at least in it; but silence, you know, is the first quality in a physician.

Dr. G. Madam, my business is not at present either to praise or find fault with any part of this composition, though I could enlarge in my panegyric; but merely to discover whether any thing in it may have touched him so nearly as to have caused any part of his malady. Pray, did you never hear what appearance he put on when he read that passage which relates to his *playing the lion's part so nobly*?

Nurse. I must answer, yes; and a very strange appearance too he put on. He began to cry, Ha, ha, and snuffed the air in grim satisfaction: I excuse the author, said he; I had often thought so. Mrs. W— interrupted

rupted him, Thought what, my dear?—Thought! said he, and finished the sentence with a roar. Soon after he came to himself, and fancied the Duke of Gr~~af~~^{ft}~~on~~ was present, had a lucid interval, and *Richard was himself again.*

D. G. Pray proceed, it may tend to something of importance.

Nurse. The family was in hopes that the freak was over; but taking up the pamphlet, he read the *leonine* verses over again with remarkable emphasis, and roared three times louder than ever. The children were sent up stairs; the cat set up her back at him; the little dog couched under the table. Mrs. W— said, * Dr. W—, my dear, what is the matter with you? He roared responsive. But on a sudden, spoke in a human voice again, “Never mind me; I am strangely affected; we will go to Harrowgate, or some bathing-place, and all I hope will be well.”

Dr. G. Go on; had I three ears I would hear you, Madam.

Nurse. Well, it was agreed to, as they thought *psychrobaphy* would be of peculiar service to the Doctor. They arrived at the watering-place, but behold his fit was stronger than ever; nothing could dissuade him from taking himself to be a Lion. Mrs. W— laughed at him; he grew tame, and said he would go to the assembly at night in his *new capacity*; and be guilty of *leonine podoctupy* in the *muliercular chorostafies*. He was advised not to go, and a friend of his reminded him of Quince and Bottom in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and that the Master of the Ceremonies would say with Bottom to those who brought him in, “You ought to consider with yourselves to bring in (God shield us) a *Lion among Ladies*, “is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild fowl “than your *Lion* living, and we ought to look to it.” At last he thought better of it, and consented not to go, thinking he might frighten the ladies. However next morning he declared nothing should hinder him from bathing in his *new capacity*. Now, said he, shall they see indeed what has hitherto been considered as an April jest at the Tower, A LION WASHED in good faith.

Dr. G. Your narrative affects me much; I am eager to know the sequel.

Nurse. Why, Sir, it even happened as he declared it should be. The morning after their arrival he accoutred himself *en lion*, and took one of the servants with him, whom he called his keeper, and went to the seashore in a sort of cage or booby-hutch. Multitudes of boys and old women flocked to the place; they declared that in all their *bornd days* never such a thing was *never* heard of. Dr. W—t—n then called to

* Don't you know me, my love? As Dr. S-m-nds once said to an Italian lady.
Non riconosci tu l'amato viso?

his keeper to serve him as old Marco at the Tower used to be served; whereupon his keeper took a long pole and poked him up from his lair; he growled, and at last in a furious mode rushed into the water. The girls giggled, the old women hobbled off, though curiosity retained the far greater number; the boys thought it was a porpoise floundering in the water, and began to hurl stones at him till they were restrained by the keeper, who told them it was no porpoise, but, whatever they might think, a *christian*; (by which he, as well as most common people, meant a *man* in contradistinction to a *brute*,) whereupon they ceased to hurl the stones as aforesaid; but they were highly satisfied when the keeper told them in private confidence, they had seen in reality, what *the oldest man in the parish* never saw, a *lion washed*.

Dr. G. Upon my word, this is a melancholy affair, though rather humorous, I must own. Pray, what followed?

Nurse. He was brought home again as he went in his booby-hutch. I think the Knight of La Mancha would have attacked him, had he perchance been journeying that way. Happily the days of chivalry were over, or his family might have lost their protector. He repeated the same ceremony for several successive days, till the effect he prognosticated came to pass; he returned to his senses, was ashamed of his behaviour, and quoted something rather unusually from a play, and cried out, *Tony Lumpkin's his own man again*. A day or two after, the family returned to C—mbr—ge, where HE acted a part as usual very decently; created doctors, looked wise, made a speech (*as if nothing had happened*) and walked home again.

Dr. G. I am afraid, Madam, you are fatigued with your narration, or I should enquire about other parts of the Heroic Epistle; but you have been so particular about this, which is the most material, that I shall not trouble you.

Here the nurse called for some hartshorn, frightened with a terrible roar in the next room; but as the Doctor ceased presently, the nurse soon recovered, and I ventured to ask her one or two questions more.

Dr. G. You remember, I presume, Madam, that Dr. W—— published a *Discourse to his Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely*?

Nurse. Yes, Sir, I have been so informed; and that the Doctor boasted that it was the production of two or three mornings*, between the intervals of county business, which principally engaged his attention at that time.

Dr. G. County business!—In God's name, what can a D-v-n-ty Pr-f-ff-r have to do with county business?

* There never was any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams and Caesar's *Thrafsical* brag of "I came, saw, and overcame." As You Like It. Act 5. sc. 2.

Nurse. Have to do, Sir? Why, they say it takes up all his time: what with lists of voters, writing epistles, dispatching some couriers, and receiving intelligence from others, looking over tavern accounts*, canvassing *gentle friends*, writing a long letter for Lord C-riss-ft to the Huntingdon Committee, preparing matters for the nomination of candidates, dancing after the D^{uke} of R-tland, seeing he was not imposed on (which I believe is pretty easy, but mum, Doctor, you know) what with — — — and a long catalogue of *et ceteras* upon *et ceteras*.—Call you this *nothing to do*?

Dr. G. I beg to retract; this is *something* more than he *ought* to do, besides the fatigue of it.

Nurse. Fatigue, Sir?—Why, I am told, during all that time, he was scarce a-bed three nights. The family was afraid he would have been reduced from the size of one of Dr. Graham's *stern*† blue and gold porters, to that of Mr. Jackson the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet. I believe, Doctor, these *pannuchious* vigils are destructive of corporal and mental sanity, and bring on *nosodeous* symptoms of *lethal* tendency.

Dr. G. Madam, you are right: (what crabbed *lexiphanous* words the old hag brings forth!) Do you remember any other symptoms?

Nurse. Yes; I believe he complained of *a singing in his ears*, and had a *voracious appetite* at the same time.

Dr. G. Very well, Madam; give me leave to think a minute or two.

I then retired to a corner of the room, and thought on all that Aretæus, the glory of Cappadocia, had written on the subject of *insanity*, and found these symptoms agree with what that acute physician had delivered. I muttered over his doctrine in Greek, that these unhappy persons are *strangely watchful*‡, παραλογως ἀγρυπνοι; and as to *the singings in their ears*, and *enormous appetite*§, I remembered these words; Επ' ἐνιοισι ἔασι ἰδίῃ ἡχοὶ ὠτῶν καὶ βρομοί, μεχρὶ δὴ γε σαλπιγγῶν τε καὶ αὐλῶν· ἢν ἐς αὐξήσιν ἢ νῆσος γιγνῆται, φουσάδες, ἀσάδες, βροί καὶ λαέροι τῇ ἐδωδῇ. Aretæus adds, Επὶ κορυφῆς δὲ τῆ κακῆς ὀνειρωττῶσι, ἀφροδισίων τε ἀσχετος ἐπιθυμία. But, however, I contented myself with asking the above questions, and would not descend

* ——— Nella chiefa

Co' fanti, ed in taverna co' Ghiottoni, *i. e.* at electioneering feasts. Proverb. Ital.

† Dr. Farmer says that *sternness* was the characteristic of a porter; "there appeared at Killingworth Castle *A Porter*, tall of person, big of limb, and *stern* of countenance."

Farmer's note on a passage in Timon of Athens.

‡ Aretæus de Causis Diut. Morb. lib. 1. cap. 6.

§ I am sorry to find that Mr. Hartley, the acute author of the Observations on Man, differs from Aretæus in this respect; Mr. Hartley says, that "Maniacs *eat little*, are *costive*, make *little water*, "and *take scarce any notice of external impressions*." Obs. on Man. chap. 3. sect. 6. Prop. 92. Dr. W-t-f-n's case differs *materially* from this description.

to *minutiæ* with *the Lady*. I then returned and asked her the following questions :

Dr. G. Pray, Madam, did you ever hear that Dr. W-tf-n mentioned a book entitled *An Heroic Address in Prose to himself*? I shall soon close all my interrogatories.

Nurse. Indeed, Doctor, I am fatigued, but have willingly answered your demands, as I believe it necessary that you should be made acquainted with particulars. As to the *Heroic Address*, that gave the coup de grace, that compleated the fatal business. As to verses (he said *with feeling*) he did not mind them; any lively would-be-witty jackanapes could compose them; but to see himself attacked by the same hand, *by a boy's hand*, who certainly had infinitely more knowledge in Eastern subjects than he had; that the same boy had discovered to the world that the author of the charge, even the K-ng's Pr-f-flor of D-v-n-ty himself, knew no more of the Arabic tongue than the Professor of that science in the Lunar region; that he *could not even read the letters*, which he fondly hoped would have been concealed from the literati, as he had written so seemingly learned a discourse on the establishment of an *Oriental Academy**; though he confessed in private that he had taken the whole substance of it from Chambers's Dictionary; but said it was an easy matter to *impose* on mankind, if a man could but escape the notice of a *Douglas*; and he thought this archidiaconal brochure was too trifling for the attention of that sagacious and deeply learned writer. (*I say nothing.*)

Dr. G. You are very obliging, Madam, pray proceed; I wish I could obtain such accurate information about all my patients.

Nurse. I must add, that he is said to feel the force of this Heroic Address more than the Verses (excepting a *few* notes); his malady has increased in an astonishing manner every day since he first read it. He said, he thought it would have been a Grub-street heroic flight, some prose run mad; but he owned seriously to an intimate friend of his in one of his lucid intervals, that he was obliged to say in justice to the author, that it was an inimitable performance of a quite new species, in which the author had shewn himself master of almost every stile, and certainly called it *Heroic*, to give himself an opportunity of using each as the occasion required; but he was abominably vexed that he should have been so silly † and unguarded.

* Lucian thus describes his Ψευδομαντις, or *Impostor of the East*, haranguing a deluded audience. Σειων κομην ἀνετον, ἐδημηγορεῖ ἐτι βωμον τινα ὑψηλον ἀναβας. Οἱ παροντες δὲ (συνεδραμουσαι γὰρ σχεδὸν πάντα ἡ πολις ἅμα γυναιξὶ καὶ γερμοῖ, καὶ παιδίοις) ἐτεβηπεσαν, καὶ εὐχοῦτο, καὶ προσηύκεν. Ὁ δὲ φωνῆς τινας ἀσημας φθεγγόμενος, οἷαι γενοιντ' ἐν ΑΡΑΒΙΚΩΝ ἢ ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ, ἐξεπληττε τὰς ἀνθρώπους ἐκ εἰδοτας ὅ τι λέγοι. Lucian. Ψευδομαντις. Sect 13.

† Dr. W-tf-n is said to repeat the following lines very frequently, and with uncommon energy :

——— Delere licebit
Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti.

as to have given occasion for it. He was surprized and somewhat relieved when he recounted the heroes that had contributed to the entertainment of the public as well as himself, Messrs. Richardson, Burney, and Co. But when he came to his Squire, Dr. Sm^{nds}'s character, he made a pathetic exclamation over him, not unworthy of Sancho over his Dapple, and perhaps with more true touches of nature. "What are you here, honest Jack? *Et tu, Brute?* 'Twas pity to kill so capital a calf; after having seen so much of the world, are you condemned at last to live in this pamphlet? (for you may be sure it will live.) Distant ages will stand in astonishment at *all* the knowledge you are recorded to possess." He then said something in Latin or Greek, sunk back in his chair, and after a few minutes became more unmanageable than ever. He has not forgot *the lion* in this Address, I perceive: well, well, it is true enough, and then roared hideously. His malady encreased so rapidly, that we were obliged to confine him in the manner you have seen; but as all our efforts were vain, it was thought proper to send for you, Doctor. For God's sake restore him to his family and to the Un-v-rsity; they never will have *another Pr-f-ss-r like him.*

Dr. G. Madam, I cannot sufficiently return you thanks for giving me so accurate an insight into the nature of the Doctor's disorder; and have great hopes that in a few days he may be suffered *to go out by himself*, without any danger. I see you are much fatigued; give me your hand, Madam.

I conducted the nurse to her apartment, and returned instantly to ruminate in the chamber where I had been before. *Blondy strange*, i' faith, said I to myself; what is to be done? here is a *tribus anticyris caput insanabile*. I have neither the herb moly nor nepenthe; and indeed it will be difficult to get any medicine administered properly while he is so furious. I was meditating upon some prescription, when I heard the Esquire Beadle come up and tap gently at the door; Come in, I said: he entered and told me I had left my *leonine* patient rather too long by himself; I have by no means lost my time, I replied; for *the Nurse* has been so kind as to explain the whole case in a very satisfactory manner; for physicians ought to have as accurate information as possible, or they would act still more in the dark than they do at present. 'Tis a conjectural art at best, and he who makes the best guess, will be entitled to the first medical honours.

The reader may perhaps be rather inquisitive to know who *the Nurse* was that attended Dr. W-ts-n, as her answers were certainly such as a common person employed in such an office could never make. I looked very attentively at her, and thought I knew the face, as Sancho did that of the *Countess Trifaldi* in disguise; I looked again, and to my great astonishment I discovered it was no less a personage than *the R-v^{rend} Dr. C^{oke}, Pr^ov^{ost}*

Pr-v-ft of K-ng's C-ll-ge, who acted that friendly part by Dr. W——, but did not seem to be conscious who his kind attendant was. Indeed, on second thoughts, I was not so much surprized, as I had always taken the Pr-v-ft for *little better than an old woman*: for whenever I see a vessel adorned with gallant streamers, bannerets, and unmeaning pomp, I am always dissuaded from believing it to be of too great burthen.

I thought that I had made myself master of the poor Doctor's case *, and began to think of the best remedies which might tend to restore him; but while I was meditating, several incidents happened, which I shall now relate; and they bring me to the third head of my discourse, namely, the

PARTES. The Doctor having a very numerous acquaintance, it was not to be wondered at that this melancholy situation would induce many to call, in hopes of administering some consolation to him, and bring him to his senses, or at least to *as much common sense* + as nature had originally bestowed on him: though I believe few would have ventured, if they could have conceived the real state of their theologic friend. I had already taken the pen into my hand, and was going to prescribe, when a chaise and four arrived at the door; the servants informed me it was his *Grace* the D— of G—. I immediately came out and withdrew with

* The late eclipse of Dr. W-tf-son's understanding reminds me of a solar eclipse mentioned by Flamsteed.

Hor. Horolog.		
Oscillat.	Correct.	
h	'	
7	50	Nihil.
7	50½	Initium.
7	52	Notabilis defectus.
9	00	Digiti 3½ fere, &c.

Mane ante eclipsin fuit pluviosum; nubes solem frequenter subtercurrentes, ventus impetuosior, &c. A. D. 1676, solaris eclipsis. Vid. Flamsteedii Hist. Celest. Lib. Duo, pag. 201. edit. Lond. 1712.

† In Dr. More's Works, in two volumes in folio, is a chapter with this title: Instituitur inquisitio de sede *sensus communis*. Vol. 2. pag. 343. Dr. More observes, Singularem esse aliquam et definitam *sensus communis* *, sedem inter omnes ferè philosophos et medicos convenit, &c.— I refer the reader to the whole chapter which he may be inclined to stile in Dr. More's *own words* (section 13 of the same chapter) Novum atq; antea inauditum planè commentum lusumq; petulantissimi ingenii hominis *turbellas et confusionem inferre ambitiosulè avertis*. Here are *verbocinations latial* with a vengeance! Lift up your head with exultation, O Pr-f-ft-r, and thou R ch-rd W-tf-n, behold, &c. See Heroic Epist. and Address.

N. B. The Seat of Dr. W-tf-n's *Common sense* has not yet been discovered; perhaps he might have had none *originally*, as we read of a Fœtus in the Phil. Transf. 1767, that was born without heart, lungs, with *scarce any head*, &c.

* Here is an instance of astonishing ignorance in the writer of these notes, to understand by *Sensus Communis*, *Common Sense*, in the vulgar acceptation of the term, and not the common or *Grand Senjeum*. O lepidum caput! Mart. Scribl.

his G — into the parlour; and when I had related the sad tale, the D — seemed very much affected, and desired to be admitted to the sight of his *young-old* acquaintance; he thought it might revive him. Why, my ~~Leo~~, said I, if your ~~G~~ is resolved, I'll shew you into the room, but it is a *bloody* odd piece of business I assure you. We went up together softly; I entered first, and found him more furious than ever; he was growling, and gnawing a piece of an old chair which formerly stood in the divinity schools, in which some *sturdy polemic* formerly sat, who had not the *well-tempered weapon* of a Watson (to use Mr. Gibbon's phrase *, who, by the bye, is not over fond of those *polemical cudgels*, and cannot bear that a child of his should be bruised by such a merciless divine as Dr. Ch^lm), I found him in this condition and was afraid that any one but myself should approach him; as to myself, he behaved to me as an ancestor of his did to Androcles.

Irruit e + caveis fors idem impastus et acu,

Et *Medicum* attonito suspicit ore LEO :

Suspicit, et veterem agnoscens vetus hospes amicum,

Procumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.

Quid vero perculsi animis stupefcere *Togatu*,

Ecquid prodigii, territa *Granta*, vides ?

However, I ventured to introduce the D — to him, not without much trepidation, though I cannot say he was ever much troubled at any thing but Junius; he seemed to bear about him the marks of that caustic lightning which struck him to the heart.—As the Doctor was chained, there was no great danger; though there was a time when the Doctor was in his senses, that he ventured to oppose his *noble patron*, but

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis—

The times are changed, and so is Dr. Willis— †

The common vicissitude of human affairs!—Well, the D — entered, and when I expected he would have rushed forth with redoubled impetuosity, all at once, as it were by magic, his fury relented; he laid himself down gently, and seemed desirous of licking his noble feet; but the D — thought proper to keep at a distance, not being willing to *trust him too close*. I was at first amazed, but soon bethought me of an artist mentioned by Statius, who once carved the image of some savage beast; I cannot say I remember the whole process of this Phidias, but the conclusion was remarkable; many parts of the brute were of stone, or base metal, but as to the extremi-

* I refer the reader for many anecdotes and little speeches which have accidentally dropt from Mr. Gibbon to the blank leaves in Mr. Ch^les F-x's copy of the History of the Decline of the Roman Empire. I could gratify the reader with some; but I scorn to betray confidence.

† Vid. Bourne Poemata.

‡ Thus translated by an *Eton* Schoolboy.

ties, Statius observes, that the artist had calmed the terrors of his claws *in gold*, or in his own elegant expressions,

Summos auro manfueverat unguēs.

I had also read a legend in some history of Lions, that it is the property of that noble animal to abstain from any thing which *smells of royal blood*. Conjecture is but conjecture after all, whatever people would insinuate; however the field is open, and I was at liberty to expatiate in it. The Doctor essayed to speak articulately, *but that was in vain*: I thought the D— would have answered him; but one of his *sullen sulky fits* seized him, and he darted out of the room into his carriage, without uttering a word.

——— Ο δ' ὅθεν ἀμεβετο· ἐη δὲ μετ' ἄλλας

Ψυχὰς εἰς Ἑρέβος νεκρῶν κατατεθνηϊῶτων.

Which I apprehend means to some friends in *the Opposition*, who consult in sullen unavailing deliberation to destroy that many-headed monster of long life called *the Ministry*; a sort of *tricorporate* being, composed principally of B—, M—, and N—, against all whose assailants Mr. C— J— lets slip the dogs of war, while S— sounds the Neptunian trump, and *the new* juridical Aid de Camp P— L— would send them before their hour of torture *, as a sacrifice to the infernal God.

Che di tant' alme il solito tributo

Non manchi, e ci voto regno alberghi Pluto.

But I beg pardon, I had forsworn all dealings with politics; but this is such an age, one cannot write or converse for half an hour without intermixing them. I was composing myself in order to medicinal assistance, when another noble personage arrived, the D— of R—. I was rather disconcerted at not being able to finish my meditated prescription, but

* The reader will remember, that in the late trials at St. Margaret's Hill *eleven men* were tried before this L— C— J— upon *one* indictment. He seems to have forgotten that golden effatum dictated by true humanity:

Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.

There are people however who admire a code of laws suited to the meridian of Byzantium.—— Late attempts in the Court of King's Bench abundantly justify this remark; and though I am not one of the *King's Counsel* learned in the law; yet is it not necessary to have a *silk gown* to be something of—a Lawyer? I know not how to account for the partiality of an English Earl to this system of laws, unless he can wish the tyrannical doctrine of the Imperial Constitution of Honorius and Arcadius should take place in England, which determines, that any attempts or designs against *the Ministers of the Prince* shall be *treason*. The words are as follows; “ Qui de nece
“ virorum illustrium, qui consiliis et consistorio nostro intersunt, senatorum etiam (nam et ipsi pars
“ corporis nostri sunt) vel cujuslibet postremo, qui militat nobiscum, cogitaverit: (eadem enim
“ severitate voluntatem sceleris, qua effectum, puniri jura voluerunt) ipse quidem, utpote majes-
“ tatis reus, gladio feriat, bonis ejus omnibus fisco nostro addictis.”

Cod. 9. 8. 5.

thought

thought that his G— might not stay very long, and it would not signify. He came attended only by one Gentleman, a Mr. P—ny, whom he had chosen for his *intimate* friend by a curious felicity in selecting and for qualities *best known* to himself. I must do his G— the justice to observe, he seemed very deeply affected when he had heard the catastrophe of Dr. W—t—n, as he said there was reason to think that too close an attendance on *his business* might have occasioned it. A conversation then ensued to the following purport :

Dr. G. Why, my Lord, election affairs are d—mned troublesome at this season ; though I think the Doctor after his recovery hit on a lucky thought to serve your purpose.

D. of R. Lucky thought, Doctor G— ! What do you mean ?

Dr. G. Oh ! your G— must understand me.

D. of R. No, faith, Doctor, I am rather *dense*, I do not *always* comprehend a thing at *the first* hint.

Dr. G. Well, if I must tell you, I mean the idea of THE SHIP *, which operated so powerfully in the election of your Br—th—r, for the county of Cambridge : they called it *The Resolution*, but I laughed at that ; it did for the vulgar ; but more people besides myself said, Faith, the Heroic Address has done some good ; Dr. W—t—n has improved. *The Resolution* indeed ? 'Tis THE GREAT DICKY, as I live, which the author of the above-mentioned work only conceived in spirit ; I think it is put to a much better purpose than for the *oriental manuscript* traffic for which it was designed.

D. of R. Why, Doctor G—, you may be witty, and think that stupid fellow has merit also ; but I know from *the best* judges, from all that answer to the description of *real* judges at least, that there is no more wit in that foolish pamphlet, than there is in Martinus Scriblerus' ridiculous attempt to decry all *useful* learning † : Ask Mr. P—ny if there is. (Here Mr. P—ny scratched his head.) But as to THE SHIP, I think it was a noble thought. I need not remind you of the celebrated *Argo*, how it was manned by Jason and his associates ; *how* even Hercules himself did not disdain to *bear a hand* in it—*how* it sailed to Colchis for a *golden fleece*—(though, faith, this may rather tend to *sheer* mine)—*how* Orpheus sat on

* At the Election for the county of Cambridge, a ship was drawn about the town ad captandum vulgus, and named the Resolution, Lord Manners's Ship. Dr. G— has taken notice of this scheme of Dr. W— with great propriety.

† It is very well, if many noble Personages deeply engaged in electioneering matters may not be obliged to have recourse to *learning* for consolation ; for as a great anonymous Poet observes,
When house and lands are gone and spent,
Then larning is most excellent.

the stern and sung to his lyre*. And why should not Dr. W-tf-n imitate Orpheus? Indeed *the two ships* are alike in one respect; they both went where *never ship* was seen before—one sailed up the Phasis, and this up *the road*, from St. Ives to Cambridge.

Sic ubi prima Viam NAVIS tentaret inausam,
Watsonus citharam † puppi tractavit in alta.

Indeed Dr. W—— and Dr. S—— offered to draw it themselves, as you remember Jason and Company carried the Argo over *dry land*; I would not let them, but advised Dr. W-tf-n in particular to reserve his strength, as his lungs and feet would be wanted for better purposes. He yielded with reluctance; What, said HE, in his *own* noble diction, which yet rings in my ears—What? shall not I be yoked with Dr. S.? It could be no disgrace to a D-v-n-ty Pr-f-flor †. Was not the triumphal car of the GREAT Mother of *all the Gods*, of the tower-crowned Cybele herself, drawn by *Lions*? It was—it was—I remember it well, as your G—— might, if you had read Mr. Bryant's *Mythology*. If your G—— commands me not to draw it, I will obey; as I will in *any thing* when you signify your noble pleasure §. Why, my Lord, I answered, the Doctor's spirit is great; he certainly may be stiled the

Quale

* If any one should wonder at *all this* knowledge of the D—, it is to be remembered the Doctor was his Tutor. If the reader wishes to know more of the Argonautic Expedition, I shall not refer him to Apollonius Rhodius, Valerius Flaccus, or to such authors, but to *Signor Alberto Fortis*, who has given a very accurate account (what he calls a brief narration) bien-herissée de grec, of this famous Expedition, in—his *Travels into Dalmatia*, lately published.

The reader will perhaps wonder *how it came there*; but I can assure him it is related with as much fidelity as if he had an affection for Jason; in pity to him for the merciless dealings of Mr. Bryant, who has knocked him on the head, and all his host. Trav. Dal. pag. 378, &c.

† — Φοῖβ' Κίθαριν μετα χερσιν ἄρασσων,
Ἡ λιγυρὴν Φορμύγαν χελυκλονον Ἑρμῶνος. Orph. Argon. 381.

I am not certain which Dr. W-tf-n makes most use of, the *Εκλάσις* or the *Εκβολή* mentioned by Plutarch de musica. Bacchius and Arist. Quint. have given definitions of these terms, the most difficult perhaps of all the old technical musical terms; though I believe they were peculiar to the *Enharmonic*, and denoted *falling* and *rising* by certain *tonic* intervals. I might pursue this curious subject; but I am checked by Martial's, *Dic aliquid de tribus capillis*.

I believe Dr. W-tf-n generally uses the *Theorbo*, or arch-lute under his arm, as Homer observes, ὑπὸ πλεγον κίθαριζει Hym. ad Merc.

‡ It is said that Dr. W-tf-n intreated Dr. S—— to write the history of his (Dr. W——'s) Professorship, it having no parallel in any politico-literary history extant, which Dr. S—— declined. It was *thus* that Cicero requested *Luccius* to adorn his consulate; (N. B. *the stile* is out of the question in *both* cases.)

§ It was rumoured that the D-ke offered Dr. W-tf-n the first Commission in his *new-raised* regiment: after deliberation upon the propriety of it, Dr. W-tf-n urged that the Bishop of Durham might gird his sword on his puissant thigh, and be literally the

Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phœbique sacerdos.

F

But

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, *Leonum*
Arida nutrix.

I think however your G—— interposed with propriety; it would have been a *bloody* odd sight for our young sparks to have seen his M-j-sty's Divine Pr-f-ffor enter the citadel of learning in *naval harness*, with bells at his ears; and the *corona rostrata* * encircling his moistened brows. I love allusions to classical writers; your G—— will excuse me if I get *out of your depth* now and then—I must have my *crotchets*. (Here I considered D-v-n-ty Pr-f-ffors of other times! now they make as much noise as *the Barbers* here; according to Dr. W-ts-n's *own* observation, *Mirum est, quantus Tonsorum undequaque cursitantium strepitus!* But—but—but—) This is rather foreign to our purpose; we must turn our thoughts to the present melancholy case as I have represented it. The D— wished to be introduced into the den. We went up stairs; a momentary smile distended the Doctor's shaggy jaws; while he shook his flowing mane †.

I was surprized to see the D— march up so familiarly to him; he suffered the Doctor to *fawn and cringe* to him; and took every thing from him in good part. He certainly had not the circumspection and caution of the D— of G——; but it is to be remembered, that years and Junius will work wonders in any man. The D— of R—— was young and little versed in the ways of the world; credulous and easy; open to the flattering insinuations of designing men; willing to swallow eagerly the praises of a certain set, among whose characteristics it is—*laudare sermonem indocti*; but it requires mature years and discriminating experience to be armed at all points: he would however do well to remember the issue of *vulpine* arts; *Corvi demum ingemuit deceptus stupor*. The D— was soon too much affected to bear the diurnal scene; the doctorial Lion gamboled for a space, and looked grimly pleased; wished to speak; the D— encouraged him,

But while he was deliberating pros et cons, like many *other* things, the Commission *slipt* from between his fingers. I would hint to Lord Amherst, that the Doctor might at least be Stentor-General to the army on an emergency, for Dr. Burney admirably observes, that Stentor was the most illustrious *throat-performer* of all antiquity. Hist. of Mus.

* Some people might think a fool's cap more proper.

His stature reach'd the sky; and on his crest
Sat Folly plum'd.

Arduus, agmen agens; cui belli insigne superbum,
Tempora *navali* fulgent *rostrata corona*.

Virg. Æn. 8.

† — *Ungues utrosq; tetendit,*

Effusaq; genis lacrymæ, et vox excidit ore;
Venisti tandem? tuaq; expectata *Richards*
Vicit iter durum pietas?—

“ Ha,

"Ha, ha, boy, sayest thou so? Art thou there, Trupenny? Come on." The Doctor did not like these appellations, growled, scowled, and couched. The D— took this opportunity of effecting his escape into his carriage, making me the passing tribute of a bow.

I now began to compose myself, but as the Devil and Doctor Faustus would have it, in pops the B— of P—; and I was obliged to desist. The eloquence of his bow, the pliancy of his flexor muscles and winning address, would have cajoled a wiser man than the D— of G—.

Since G—n rais'd his blest anointed name
Among the *Spiritual Lords of peaceful fame*,
A changeling he, bewitch'd with noise and show,
Would into courts and cities go;
Would see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there,
And would, *forsooth*, be *something* in the state.

Then his irresistible flow of words, like the tale I have read of in Macbeth, is full of sound and *signifying nothing*, yet in accent soft and soothing, and able to win the hearts of soft men and softer women. He certainly for two or three ordinaries may be taken for a wise man; he makes tolerable vent of his *travel*, and is well-versed in all *minor* reading and *minor* politics; he knows that a bird flies, *because* it has wings, and that a duck swims, *because* it is web-footed; he is deep-read in the ways and established forms of the world; knows that if a Gentleman calls at his house in his absence, that the visit must be returned *the same day*, if possible; but wisely avoids conversation with men of *positive* knowledge and erudition in any subject, as his is only *negative*. The B— knows enough of algebra to distinguish between positive and negative signs. However,

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

Which, if a reflection on any body, is not on the B. of P. but on the Principes Viri. He was just arrived from his pastoral charge at P—. His politeness would not permit him to stay long, or *to shew much anxiety at any thing*: he hoped I should soon restore the poor Doctor to the world, with some unmeaning compliments on my professional skill. I bowed and shut the door non sine—For I am of Milton's opinion, that it is

A tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries †!

I must own I should not have been surprized, if by a curious mistake he had come in his *Waterman's jacket*; for you must know at ~~Peterborough~~ ^{relat} he is reported not unfrequently to go on parties of pleasure on the water at a place, I think they call it Wittlesea Meer; on which occasion he doffs the ep~~iscopal~~ ^{habilitments}, and accoutres himself as a *Fisherman*, à la mode des *Apotres primitifs*, in which imitation there certainly is no moral turpitude; and to be sure the B—— has no other thoughts in his head on such an occasion. I think, however, it would turn more to account if he were to take his stand in this manner on Westminster Bridge; that a certain *Personage* might see, or at least be told (as nothing escapes him) that *H—— is first oars to Lambeth*; but on second thoughts I fear, in the present mode of affairs, that renowned personage would hardly take the hint.

However, I would say to this ~~P——~~ ^{relat}te, in the words of the Wise Man*,
 “Live joyful with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of *the life* of
 “*thy vanity*, which are given thee under the sun, all the days of thy
 “vanity: for *that* is *thy* portion in this life.”

* * * * *

*I found A CHARACTER † inserted in the MS. in this place, which I read, perused, and perpend-
 ed; perpended, perused, and read; I admired; I knew it trait for trait; I put my hand to copy
 it; my hand refused its office; I was pleased; then I trembled; I hesitated; I paused for a space
 in sullen silence—What? said I, starting from my seat, while my heart burnt within me, what?*

*Non Lethæa valet Theseus abrumperè caro
 Vincula Pirithoo?*

*No he cannot, it is true; Horace, thou reasonest well. What—a voice cried aloud, Put thy hand
 to the work, fear not; it will sink deep: wherefore is the power of thy pen? look—the letters are
 plain—they could not be more so, were each letter a sun. I stared around, nor could I tell whence
 the sound issued. Put thy hand to the work, it cries a second time. Every nerve and fibre within
 me shook to the central seat of life. Shall I not do it?—Put thy hand to the work, it cried a third
 time; dismiss me, enough. I heard no more; I listened with every faculty on the rack: I heard the
 feeble ticking of my watch; nothing more; I listened again with attention redoubled; but not a
 breath disturbed the air; all was calm—but the region of my own breast. Perhaps seven people in
 the whole world may have felt what I did; I say seven; perhaps not more: it is not to be described.
 But why did I faint? whence was my first hesitation? why was my hand suspended?—What, the
 chef-d'œuvre—the high wrought picture?—ha! what must I say? ah! shall I?—No, no.—Yes—
 me! No, I say, No.—Forſan IPSE intelligit; forſan intelligitur; for reasons dark as Erebus, NUN-
 QUAM NOMINABITUR.*

* * * * *

* Eccles. chap. ix. ver. 9.

† There were many others which I have omitted till a more convenient season. Rabelais says,
Seulement l'ombre du Clocher d'une Abbaye est seconde. I may add from Pindar,

Πολλοί μοι ὅτ' ἀγκω-
 —ρος ἄνεα βελή,
 εἶδον ἐντὶ Φαιρέτρᾳ.
 Φανῶντα συνετοῖσι.

After

After the B. of P. had left the house, a Gentleman knocked at the door, whom I did not instantly remember, though I thought I recollected his face: there was something in his very port, and in the flashing of his eye, which marked strong character. The servant came up stairs and informed me that the Hon. Mr. E^{sk-ne} was below. E^{sk-ne}? I said, sure it can be no other than the celebrated *Counsellor*? and my surmise proved true. This is a young man who stands forth in bolder relief, and occupies a larger space in the eye of the Law than perhaps any other ever did before him, at so early a period of life. Labouring under a severity of pressure, which would have crushed any other faculties but his, he struggled to get free, and, like the Eastern Palm, rose at last with recruited vigour from that very oppression; of right honourable extraction, yet unsupported; a scion of nobility, without a hand to give him increase; an Eaglet panting to wing the azure tracts, with none to imp his plume; a ship-wrecked mariner, as it were, viewing from some craggy cliff the waste of ocean without hope, dreary and forlorn; till Nature, like another Mentor, plunged her young Telemachus into the troubled waters; bade him stem the boisterous element, and guided him to the haven where *the genius of the English law* raised aloft the friendly torch from his high constructed Pharos. Ask you why his bark could not be lost? Why, he arose superior to the tempest, and bated not a jot of heart or hope. Ask you why—Mr. E. knew, as it were from an innate conviction,

There is a strange necessity in fate,
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm and right:
Fear makes men look aside—

He and Fear were never allied to each other; he is an object of the most curious speculation; the servant of *Mars*, as well as of *Neptune*; Fortune has blown him *with restless violence round about the pendant world*, till tired of the strong contention, she *fixed* him in safety, and bade him, like his own *Geranium**, expand his verdant leaves, and bloom amid the storm that rolled around him. You must excuse me if the contemplation of his excellence, his glowing language, and juvenile impetuosity, have relumed the spirit of an old man, given me, as it were by deputation, the organs of his own powers, and raised my thoughts to a seeming contest with him:

Ostentans artemq; senex, arcumq; sonantem.

* This little Poem, printed privately in *green* letters, though of great merit *in its way*, was a very juvenile production of Mr. E. He has now learned better things than to purchase the reputation of being a damned clever fellow, at the price of *decency*. Should he ever have time again to indulge his genius for writing, I dare say, he will think it an object worth his ambition, to be numbered among those who have given ardour to Virtue, and confidence to Truth.

I came down to Mr. E-sk-ne, and we saluted each other : he told me, as he was accidentally at C-mbr-dge, and had heard Dr. W. was a little disordered, he had taken the liberty to call for a minute to enquire after him. When I told him the case, he could hardly resolve, whether to be serious or jocular. He said, he himself had been employed a good deal in the late elections, as well as Dr. W. And faith, added he, if you please, you may call me a *Lion* too, for I have had abundance of *Jackalls* to bring me provender during the late troubles ; thanks to the *M*—*—* for having put the country into such confusion ; *we Lawyers* have reason to bless him and his co-adjutors. Between friends, I heartily wish all *great men* would employ *such* agents as Dr. W. their glorious blunders and informal proceedings would give many a young counsellor an opportunity of shewing his abilities, and of setting right (with great ease) the ridiculous mistakes of such meddling Pretenders. They may indeed do well enough to *puddle* in the unmeaning farce of a convocation, or to regale that sad solemnity with quaint sayings, culled with *sedulity* from the Fathers of the Church. But I am of opinion, that his Majesty King Henry the Eighth never designed that his D-v-n-ty Pr-f-fsors should canvass *gentle friends* on the hustings, and expose, without a blush, to the derision of boys, prostitutes, and drunken clowns, a person which Religion and Law have concurred to consecrate, and which never failed to secure to itself that due veneration, when conducted with propriety and decorum, or even by the rules of *common sense*. He then took out his watch ; Doctor, said he to me, you know a lawyer must be punctual, and one of my clients is expecting me, so that I need no apology for wishing you so soon a good day, and good success with your patient.

I was sorry when he was gone, as I have been informed that he is one of the most lively men in conversation that you can meet. However, that I may not appear to speak of him with adulation, (which yet would be inexplicable, in me) let me add, that, as I am an old man, and have been long conversant with the dispositions of mankind, I could wish *young* gentlemen of talents would remember that our nature is so constituted, that though we pay a willing tribute to great abilities, yet there is not one amongst us, who can bear tamely to see any man, however gifted by nature, or improved by study, *assume* a superiority over him, a superiority which he would readily acknowledge, if it were not demanded *as a right*. Modesty, in my estimation, gives the highest colouring to merit, whether in public or private life ; whether at the bar, or in familiar conversation. I know I shall be laughed at in Westminster-Hall for an old fool, when I insinuate that Pliny numbers among the qualifications of a lawyer,

Multum

Multum verecundiæ, multum sanguinis in ore.

However a profession can never supersede the dictates of Nature; and I shall always think that a little *diffidence of himself*, and a proper *deference* to the opinions of older and *more experienced* men will, in the judgment of the wise and good, be a never-failing irresistible recommendation of a *young Lawyer*, even though blessed with the mental faculties, the rapidity of thought, the glowing fancy and high-wrought diction of an E-sk-ne.

When Mr. E-sk-ne was gone, I finished my prescription, without much hope that *the Keeper* would be able to make Dr. W—— take it. I then left the house, to visit some other patients who were by no means in so dangerous a way.

The next morning I returned, and scarce had I entered, when a young Gentleman knocked at the door; he was soon introduced to me, and I was happy in seeing my L—d E-sk-n. I had a pleasure in observing his frank, open, and engaging countenance, his unaffected politeness, and amiable temper; in short, this young Nobleman seemed to prove beyond dispute the truth of the celebrated grammatical position, that *two negatives make an affirmative*. He was modest without an awkward diffidence, and did not appear to be sensible of half the merit he really possesses; he had a martial *fiertè* about him, and the whole *tournure* of his body adapted to the profession of arms; for when he was made C-l-n-l of the —— Militia, the Officers, though rather indignant that so young a man should have the command of a regiment, made no objection personally to him; as they entertain an opinion of his abilities, and with reason; for I think he will never be numbered with the spurious offspring of the British Mars. Xenophon was a Soldier and a Statesman; and I dare say, this young Nobleman will exercise his faculties in liberal study, without which no man ever attained to real excellence, or was enabled to cast splendor or dignity over a *public character*, to which it seems he aspires; though I have been told his age is yet too green according to the laws of this land; and had they protracted *that period* to thirty years of age, I am inclined to believe, that thinking men would have seriously applauded them. “The state of Denmark “is rotten;” and yet we call to its assistance raw and unexperienced physicians to restore it to its pristine health. My L—d E-sk-n heard my account of Dr. W—t-f-h, and did not seem so much surprized as his F-th-r was. As he saw I was rather in a hurry to go up to my patient, he took his leave with many hearty wishes for my success; but as he went out, gave a *very significant* shake with his head; bowed, and shut the door.

When I went up stairs, I found things not at all mended; the patient was precisely in the same situation, except that his eyes were closed, and a
short

short slumber gave some respite to his attendants. I was about to ask them a few questions, when the servant informed me that Dr. ~~Hobbs~~^{Hobbs} was below stairs, and begged to speak with me for a few minutes. Zounds! said I, I hope there is not an epidemical phrenzy among all his Majesty's Pr-f-ss-rs; I think he can hardly have broken loose; he is much too cautious; for even if he *wriggles* himself into any troublesome business, he rarely fails to *creep* out of it; though in general he resembles the *nitedula** of Horace, as he seldom *creeps* but into *frumentary* repositories, where *something is to be gotten*.

His head is not very big, and yet he would with eagerness thrust it into a *mitre*, which would be a world too wide for it; nay, I believe he would have no objection to the *hat* of an *epigrammatic*† Cardinal, if the Pope would hold it out; he would like very well to be one of the *Septuagint*, not for the purpose of *translating*, but for the sake of being *translated*. Egad, I thought he remembered his own case when *Arabic* Pr-f-ss-r, and *how* he understood very little more of it than R-ch-rd W-ts-on, or Edmund Curl; I was afraid he was haunted by the ghosts of Hyde or Walton, and that the vengeful dreams of Abulfeda and Co. might have endangered his waking thoughts. I then reflected on sympathy; and Mr. Locke's chapter on the association of ideas. I made haste to come down, as I was afraid he would have sent a *Viator* with the fasces, (or a birch-broom) without the ceremony of the *Vocatio in Jus*, to bring me before an imperial prætorium, for refusing instant obedience to the legate of Granta's Justinian. So I ran down with more precipitation than usual, not without some danger. It was very disagreeable to have the same story to relate over and over again. Dr. H. could hardly refrain from laughing; the constrained solemnity of his phiz was very entertaining; he seemed to think it a shame that one Pr-f-ss-r should laugh at another, much more when so severely visited as poor Dr. W. was.

*——Forte per augustam tenuis nitedula * rimam
Referat in crumenam frumenti, &c. Hor.

† Though my reader may be accurately versed in ecclesiastic lore, and the various dignitaries in the several churches, I think he will hardly understand what Dr. G. means by an *epigrammatic Cardinal*, without some explication. I at first despaired of ever being able to unriddle it, till my good fortune threw *Martin Sherlock's Travels* in my way, which served me as an apocalyptic key: gentle reader, I here present thee with the passage;—"Of all the Sovereigns whom I have seen (says "Mr. *Martinus Sherlock* or *Scriblerus*) the Pope acts majesty the best. *The Cardinals* are like "*Martial's Epigrams*; (and why? *because*) some are good, some bad, and some indifferent." Sherlock's Travels, 1778. 4to. pag. 32.

* Bentley; instead of *vulpecula*, which was arrant nonsense.

Dr. H.

Dr. H. I think, if *Dr. W.* had applied himself a little more to the study of Civil Jurisprudence, his brain would have been *settled*; and you know, *Dr. G.*—, I have proved the study of the Roman Law to be necessary for a *Divine*.

Dr. G. Have you, Doctor? where, pray?

Dr. H. In my new Analysis of the Civil Law.

Dr. G. My Master *H.*—x, I crave your pardon, I remember it well, and you have given a *bloody good* reason for it too. For you observe with great justice (pag. xv of the preface to 2d Ed.) “That a skill in Roman jurisprudence enables a *Divine* to support the *dignity* of his character as “a spiritual judge, and ——— to defend and secure the possession of his legal “*dues*.” I faith, you ought to have the *five barley-loaves* for your arms, and the *two fishes* for your crest.

Dr. H. Why, *Dr. G.* are you not of opinion that the study of the Roman Law is of use; and that the *acts* the students keep under me are of importance, and learnedly treated?

Dr. G. Hold you, my Master *H.* not too fast: importance is one thing, and learning is another, but an act, is an act; that is all I assert, whether it be in law, physic, or divinity; but do you think this study of much use to elucidate the scriptures, except in a very few passages which may be learned in a few hours?

Dr. H. Why, *Dr. G.* what you say may be true, but it requires a man to be conversant in a science to explain a passage at sight. But suppose I could adduce you one, which, by the help of this Roman Law, may be explained satisfactorily, which I believe has not been taken notice of by any commentator, and which generally excites a smile when it is read; what would you say then?

Dr. G. Why, I say, it would be highly useful, or at least entertaining and curious.

Dr. H. You remember these words in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, “The *Cloak* which I left at Troas bring with thee, and the books, but “especially the *Parchments*.” Now it is to be remembered, that this Epistle was written from Rome, when Paul was brought before Nero. Paul was about to make his defence, and might have been required to prove that he was a Citizen of Rome; if so, in all probability these *parchments* (which Mr. Soame Jenyns jocularly says, he has no doubt but what St. P. left behind him) might be the very *deeds* or *diploma*, by which the point in question was to be proved. As to the *Cloak*, *κελονς*, or *φαιλονς* in the original, and which is undoubtedly a corruption from *φαιρολνς*; that is probably a word *grecized* from *penula*. I would observe, that when the Roman state degenerated into a monarchy, many citizens laid aside the

H

Toga,

Toga*, and wore the *Pænula* or *Lacerna* in their stead; now as it was improbable that any but a *Roman* should wear this garment, or have it in his possession, St. Paul *might* possibly wish to produce it as a further slight confirmation of his point. The *Pænula* was a vestment generally worn on a journey, and I think Juvenal observes in his fifth Satire, *multo stillaret Pænula nimbo*; and St. Paul says, he had *left it behind him* at Troas. I am far from deciding this point, but think that an illustration of this nature tends to take off the air of ridicule which this passage carries with it at first reading.

Dr. G. Upon my word, Dr. H. I did not know so much could have been said upon it; I admire a curious felicity of conjecture whenever it has an air of probability in it. As to the word *φαινολην* being grecized, that is no more than we do every day from other languages; but I could add, that particularly when the seat of empire was removed to Byzantium†, the Lawyers of the Imperial Courts were obliged to grecize many terms of law, of which I could give many instances if necessary: but faith, I forgot, we did not come here to dispute about *Paulus*, either the Saint or the Jurisconsultus; and besides, my opinion could never be ranked with the *Responsa Prudentum*. I am afraid our conversation favours of the consultation of physicians in Moliere, for though they talked nonsense, and we, I apprehend, have been canvassing rather a curious point; yet we both have erred alike, in talking *nothing to the purpose*. Unus utriusque error, sed variis illudit partibus.

* Augustus highly disapproved of the change in their dress, as appears from Suetonius. *Habitu vestitumque pristinum reducere studuit. Ac visa quondam, pro concione, pullatorum turba, indignabundus et clamitans, En, ait,*

Romanos Rerum dominos, gentemque togatam!

Negotium ædilibus dedit, ne quem posthac paterentur in foro, circove, nisi positis lacernis, togatum consistere. Sueton. Octav. cap. 40.

† A great Author, whose very name ought to be venerable in the sight of an Englishman, speaking of the *Latinized technical terms* in the English law, has observed with his usual ingenuity, that “a similar necessity to this produced a similar effect at *Byzantium*, when the *Roman* laws “were turned into *Greek*, for the use of the Oriental Empire: for, without any regard to “Attic elegance, the Lawyers of the Imperial Courts made no scruple to translate *fidei-commis-* “*sarius*, *φιδεικομισσαρις*, *cubiculum*, *κεβηκειον*; *filium familias*, *παιδα-φαιμλιας*; *repudium*, *ρεπη-* “*διον*; *compromissum*, *κομπρομισσον*; *reverentia et obsequium*, *ρευερεντια και οβσεκειον*, and the like. “They studied more the exact and precise import of the words, than the neatness and delicacy of “their cadence.” Blackst. Com. book 3. ch. 21.

Thus many centuries ago, when the Hindoo Rajahs had communication with the Mohammedan Princes, before the accession of the House of Timour, the *Arabian* language was prevalent in Hindostan; and what is very remarkable, the *Arabic* language is *technically used* in the *Code of Gentoo Laws*. Chap. 2. sect. 3. “That is a woman’s property which she receives during the *Ayammui* “*Shádee*, or days of marriage.” The reader will find instances to this purport in the trial of *Maharajah Nuncomar*, for forgery, before the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal.

I then

I then mentioned to Dr. H. some particulars relating to Dr. W.'s strange metamorphosis and the difficulty of the cure; Dr. H. declined going up stairs, and murmured something hardly intelligible about what a Pr-f-fl-r might come to, if he did not take care; then made a bow, and took his leave.

I soon after heard a violent knock at the door, which announced the arrival of a *great man*; I looked out, and perceived it was the B— of E—y, whose *diocesan* affection had brought him to enquire after the health of his Archd-c-n. I knew his L-rd—p well; I believe he is a descendant in a right line from the B— of that City, in the days of *Richard the Third*, and famous for matters of like importance with that antique Prelate, according to Shakespeare's account:

Glo. My Lord of E—y, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good *strawberries* in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

B. of E. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

The B— instantly withdraws, and soon after returns with impatience, as if the genius and the mortal instruments were in council about some great matter.

Re-enter B— of E.

B. of Ely. Where is my Lord Protector? I have sent
For these same *strawberries* *.

I came down into the parlour as soon as the servant had informed me of his arrival, and as I entered the room, his L-rd—p made up to me with the genuine *ep-sc-pal waddle* (like my L— of N—ch) and shook me by the hand: I, in the mean time, had placed myself in a *Rowleian* attitude to receive these affectionate embraces, and it was no unpleasant sight to behold our encounter.

B. of E. I suppose, my dear Dr. G. you have heard of the great care I take of my Diocese: you know I have intelligence about every little matter; I esteem nothing as *fiddle-faddle*, (though the vulgar may call my affairs so) that relates to my churches; but we *great men* are subject to misrepresentations, you know; you have heard of my son's marriage; how agreeable it is to see the hope of a family well settled; and actually my *little Benny* is at last (like Mr. Foote's *little Dicky*) become a Parlia-

* This is the whole part of the B— in that play, and after the *strawberries* you hear no more of him.

ment-man! What an advantage to have great connections! But I do not intend he shall open his mouth yet: no, no. I shall desire him to reserve his oratorical maidenhead for some matter of importance: perhaps if the University and the town should petition Parliament about the River Cam; then I should instruct him to bid *the stream* of his eloquence *flow along* in gentle purling meanders, like that placid river. I would not have him burst forth all at once like *me* or Demosthenes; though, (by-the-bye) I will tell you in private, I never *used pebbles*: upon my word *really* I never did, my rapid powers of tongue *came of themselves* without art:

My Clergy grant I have much wit,
Though very shy of using it;

Except at my public dinners, when I set the table in such a roar, with cranks and snatches of old jests. You cannot conceive how witty I am; I wish you were in Orders to hear—but—you have heard Mrs. B— is just arrived in the county; she has been a tour with her family to the Lakes. (*Bless me! how can I be so silly!*) the Lakes! yes, yes, the Lakes, as I live. Lack-a-day! that brings poor Dr. W-ts-n to my mind, who, I think, is a Westmoreland man.

Dr. G. You are right, my Lord, and ever since he left that mountainous country, there have been as many enquiries after him as there were about Hylas in another place, as Virgil says, (your L-d—p loves classics)

——Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum
Clamassent, ut littus Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret!
Et fortunatum, si nunquam—

B. of E. You are right, Dr. G. *Si nunquam*; as much as to say, he would have been *wife* if he had *never* left them. Hey, Doctor, you see I take a hint; I am not dense. Ask my *Aid-de-camp*, Dr. G—ch, if I am.

Dr. G. *Dense*, my Lord, I never insinuated you were *dense*. (Aside—If I had, I might not be very far from the truth.)

B. of E. *Dense*—no, no: who knows more of the county of C-mbr-dge than I do? Why, there is not an anecdote that escapes me: I can tell who was at the town-ball, and who at the county-ball; though my wife and one of the county Baronets' ladies had a little *what-d'ye-call'm* about *precedence*—(*dear, dear, how can I be so silly!*) But however little Benny is well-married: you know what Horace says about *Regina Pecunia*—why will not you come to one of my public days at E—y?

Dr. G. Your L-d—p does me much honour; I certainly should be much entertained; but I do not understand *Arabic* or *High-Dutch*, and I should make but a woeful figure there without those languages.

B. of E.

B. of E. *Arabic and High Dutch*, Dr. G. what do you mean?

Dr. G. You know, my L—d, or at least you have read the poor Arch-d-c-n's discourse to your and his Clergy; I am not one * of the men of fine talents who have a turn for languages: now I conceive the term languages comprehends *High-Dutch* as well as Arabic; and doubtless it requires fine talents to be well-skilled in *High-Dutch*; and I suppose your Clergy never talk any thing but that at your table, or Arabic in the fen-dialect; as Dr. W. has told you, it is a subject well-known to them all; I therefore beg leave to decline the honour, for at present I am contented with meagre Latin and Greek classics.

B. of E. Egad, so am I too, there's the jest, and they are rather too much for me; it is ridiculous for a B—p to study now-a-days: while poor Lowth (God help him) is poring over *Isaiah*, and such old stuff, I go to the House of L—ds, and take notes † on a bit of paper upon my square cap about—Egad, I can't tell you what they are about—but they are notes, and that is enough. Dear, dear, how can I be so silly?

Dr. G. You are right, my L—d; he is a wise commentator who can tell what his notes are about. But as the conversation seems to take rather a wider circuit than time will allow, you will permit me to act the Sybill's part, (I do not mean Rabelais's ‡, but Virgil's) and say,

Nox ruit Ænea, nos flendo ducimus horas.

I presume your L—p came to see poor Dr. W. he is in a wretched condition; I suppose you know his strange fancies and *leonine* freaks; would your L—p choose to see him; you may with safety, as he cannot get loose; I believe he is couching at present.

B. of E. Do you think he will recover soon, Dr. G.? I am sorry for his misfortune; but if you think he will not get over it, the Archd-c-nry will do for one of my Dependents nicely; because——

Dr. G. Hold you, my L—d, it would be bloody hard upon my Patient to lose his Archd-c-nry, because he is a little out of his senses; suppose all the B—ps in similar situations were to lose their Sees, it would be d-mned hard. You will excuse my swearing, but it is enough to make a B—p swear. No, no; I hope he may soon recover for the sake of the Clergy.

B. of E. There is truth in what you say: I hope I shall keep my B—k, and therefore I wish Dr. W. a speedy recovery—Give my compliments to Mrs. W.—when you see Mr. —, remember me to him—also to Mr. A. Mr. B. Mr. K. Mr. L. &c. &c. they are mighty good sort of folks, do remember me to them.

* Dr. W.'s Discourse, pag. 4.

† Dr. G. is very right, I have myself often observed the B— of E— taking notes in this manner, when I have been near the bar of the H—se of L—ds.

‡ Rab. b. 3. ch. 17.

We then embraced again *d'une maniere bien plaisante*, and he tumbled into his coach, and drove away; I shut the door and retired, muttering to myself what Phædrus says:

*Est Ardelionum quædam Romæ natio,
Trepidè concursans, occupata in otio,
Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens,
Sibi molesta, aliis odiosissima.*

About half an hour after the B—p of E—y had left the house, I perceived another coach draw up, when a little Gentleman alighted, and the servant came up stairs to inform me Mr. B—t was below. To be sure Fortune, who delights in *contrasts*, had ordained that the A—th-r of the New Analysis of ancient Mythology should come immediately after the Anguillarian Pr-l-te. I ran down with the utinost eagerness and impatience, though I could not at first devise what could have brought him, except the news of Dr. W.'s being *out of his senses* had gone out into all lands, as I believe indeed it has into a good many. The sight of a man like him refreshes me; he is an honour to his age and country, who are sensible of his merit and happy to acknowledge him as *the Sovereign of their willing souls*. The variety of his erudition, and the felicity of its application are the subject of general admiration; but he rests not here; conscious that the brightest can but blaze and pass away from this sublunary scene, he has given stability to his character by the virtues of his heart; and having directed his labours to the service of Religion, has added lustre to the name of Scholar by the superior stile of a Christian. I may apply to his NOBLE PATRON what Horace says to *Augustus* *:

*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multâ dantis cum laude tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusq;—*

Mr. B. and the D—ke of M—rlb—r—gb reflect mutual honour on each other: the luxuriance of the fruitful vine is naturally supported by the massy vigour of the self-staid elm. I have always regarded Mr. B. as the first literary character of the age; and if I may be allowed to mention a *crotchet* of my own, I like him the better, because I know him to be a *tooth-and-nail* man for Rowley. I accosted him on the following terms:

* I wish I could say the same of ———; but alas!

Quod si

Indicium subtile videndis artibus illud

Ad Libros et ad hæc musarum dona vocares,

Bæotum in crasso jurares ære natum.

Hor. Ep. ad Aug.

Dr. G.

Dr. G. My Master Br-nt, I am happy to see you, especially as it is a quite unexpected pleasure, but your humanity, I believe, leads you wherever you think there is the slightest prospect of doing any good. Indeed my Patient is in the strangest and most *deplorable* way you can imagine; have you heard of it?

Mr. B. Indeed Dr. G. you are very partial to me, I must own; but if *friendship* dilates your affection, and gives a warmth to your speech, it is at least an amiable excess; but do not flatter me—

Dr. G. — Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what have I to hope from thee, *or any man?*
No: let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

Hamlet spoke not this to Horatio with more truth than I speak it to you: flatter, indeed, I, who am placed in an honest independence, and extensive professional business, and as I trust, beloved and esteemed by those who are *really* acquainted with me? here I and Independence sit; let the great bow down to me; I am not like the *well-be-juniused* Gr-*ce* of Gr-*n*;

I dally with no brace of Courtisans,
Nor meditate betwixt *two* deep Divines,
Two props of virtue *—

No, I speak from my own feelings; I move within my own sphere, and whatever the world may say, virtue has ever been my life's center; nor will I now, by sordid fawning to any human being, unravel the whole fair contexture of my former days; no, my friend, believe me, it is *too late a week*. Something too much of this: but you will excuse me, I know; I did not think to have descanted so oratorically, but you are not to be told, that where the affections are concerned, Nature supplies her genuine pathos:—Upon my soul, she does. I love and esteem you for qualities which render a man respectable before his fellow-creatures, and I will speak of you as I think, present and absent.

Mr. B. Your words forbid a reply—I can only say to a man like you, I thank you. But how is Dr. W.? I called, for he has spoken handsomely of me in his late Charge †; and—

Dr. G. What, are you called J-c-b Br-nt, and can you be tickled with the praise of R-ch-rd W-tf-n? If so, Plato thou reasonest ill. But, stay, I forgot; the Orator of Greece was not ashamed to confess himself gratified

* Shakesp. Rich. III.

† See Dr. W.'s Charge, pag. 11.

with the *Ουτος Εκεινος* of an Athenian Oyster-woman. I crave your pardon, a great genius must have his whims, and, as you say of Sir Isaac Newton, when he quitted demonstration and talked about Chronology, like Sampson thorn of his locks, he becomes as another man*.

Mr. B. You do me honour; but if—

Dr. G. If what, Mr. B.? I know not *if*; you cannot, *if* you reflect a moment, consider it as a tribute, to have your work called *learned and ingenious* by—I shall not say whom, and that too in a little paultry note at the bottom of a page with *Catcott on the Delage*, and the devil knows who:

Utne tegas spurco Daniæ latus? haud itam—

No, believe me, Sir, you have superior resources; it is not a little *printed* testimony that can aggrandize your name; no, Sir, it is an unwritten memorial, an *ἀγραφος μνημη* in the breasts of the truly learned, where your praise is engraven in ineffaceable character; and in succeeding ages, when the votary of science shall *unsphere the spirit* of ancient sages, calling as it were from the bowers of peace, the wise and great who have adorned this globe in every clime under heaven, and bid them pass in array before him; then shall thy time-consecrated shade arise with glory, and if the applause of frail mortality can *then* move thee, it shall acknowledge that posterity has been just to transcendent merit, and stamped the judgment of this present age with its unerring and impartial sanction. This is what the great Athenian calls in exultation the *Ταφος επισημοτατος*, the glorious sepulture, *ἐκ ἐν ᾧ κείσαι μαλλον, ἀλλ' ἐν ᾧ ἡ δόξα σε παρα τῷ ἐντυχοντι αἰεὶ καὶ τοπῷ καὶ καιρῷ ἀειμνηστος καταλείπεται* †. You understand me, my friend, and know this is not the language of flattery.

Mr. B. Indeed, Dr. G. I must be silent; but I came here for a very different purpose than to talk about *my* Mythology; I was concerned about Dr. W.'s indisposition, and came to enquire after him.

Dr. G. So am I too; for I suppose you have been told his *strange frenzy*, and that he takes himself to be a *perfect Lion*.

Mr. B. I have indeed, but could not credit it.

Dr. G. You may, I assure you; but I wish you could by virtue of your magic pen, transform him to his pristine appearance, as easily as you have done Jafon's bulls, and the dragons of antiquity; I fear this is not quite so easy a task.

Mr. B. You are jocular; but 'faith, I am sorry I cannot stay any longer with you at present, for a Gentleman is waiting for me in the

* Analysis of Mythol. vol. 2. p. 480.

† Pericl. Orat. Funeb.

coach, whose business require I should leave you. My best wishes for the Doctor's recovery; ; and as you forbid my saying any more; A good day to you.

He then departed, and left me musing on Him and Literature :

Multa Viri virtus animo, multusq; recurfat
Gentis honos !

I intended to have written down some new thoughts that occurred to me, in hopes that they might have tended to relieve the Doctor, when I perceived a Gentleman approaching the door, whom I knew had a great affection for the memory of the late Mr. Norris, or his Pr-f-ff-rsh-p; he was marching with a solemn leaden gait, precise and formal, and seemed deeply meditating upon *Predestination*, and on subjects in which men find no end; I knew it to be Dr. H—y :

With Jesuit pause, and *un-determin'd* end,
Meanness in heart *, and Cl-r-d-n his friend.

He entered, and when he had asked me how Dr. W. did, he seemed to be afraid, lest his words should have *three meanings*; I told him the state of the case, and then conversed upon other subjects, upon any one of which it was impossible for me to discover what *his own* opinion was; such a thing *might* be so, or it *might not*; there were authorities on both sides, and very respectable ones too, so that he could not take *upon him* to determine. As I am fond of music, and of Handel's chorusses, such as dissolve the soul to ecstasies, I accidentally mentioned them; yet, even on a matter of so much indifference, he would not speak positively even as to *his own* feelings; but perfectly agreed with me in whatever I said. I did not care to attack him in Divinity, or I could have led him a precious dance from Gregorius Nazianzenus, Dr. W.'s *Deliciae*, to Bishop Pearson, Mr. Norris's favourite; of whom, † by-the-bye, I understand a d-mned deal, and probably could give as good lectures on him as Dr. H—y can; as many Gentlemen of K—g's College could testify.

I took him up to see *the Lion*, at whom I must own he did not seem in the least terrified, though Dr. W. scowled at him, seeming to remember an ancient dispute they had in the Divinity Schools, in which Dr. W.

* See a dedication of one of Dr. H.'s Sermons, in which he talks of the connexions which he has been *suffered* to form in Lord H—de's family, &c. Hocine liberali et ingenuo Homine dignum ! Can a Gentleman read this with common patience? Does not he, &c. &c.

† Pearson on the Creed, is the book on which the Norrissian Pr-f-ff-r is commanded to read lectures; and is also one of the books on which the Tutors of K-ng's College read lectures. Dr. G. was Tutor for many years, which many of our former Students, I believe, well remember.

was shamefully worsted, the sesquipedalia verba were his only resource, though he affected to personate *Arich-Anpin* * himself.

Dr. H. came down from the apartment with much sangfroid; and only observed that Dr. W. seemed to have been *predestinated* to the change, that *the Lion* certainly predominated at his birth; and as to his *Arabic* prowess, why he said he was not surprized; Claudian had *predicted* it, for Dr. W-tf-n was the personage:

Quem *Persæ* cecinere *Magi*, quem sensit Etruscus
Augur, et inspectis Babylonius horruit astris;
Chaldaei stupuere senes!

I liked his idea, though rather surprized at his quoting verses; I then wished him a good day, which he returned *with caution and circumspection*.

No sooner had he left the house, when a very different person knocked at the door, whose presence soon dispelled those *bazy* ideas, which rather obscured my intellect during the late conversation. It was my friend Dr. F-rm-r, the natural vivacity of whose disposition, joined to a certain pleasing levity and gaieté de cœur, must for ever please, in spite of all that our pampered Abbots here, and *full-fed Friars*, *white, black, and grey*, with all *their trumpery*, may affect to say. As soon as he entered, I cried out:

Dr. G. By all that my soul holds dear, by Rowley, Lydgate, and Dunbar, by all that Plowman ever beheld in his mystic visions, by all that reading which Shakespeare never read, by the Ouphant † Fairies great

* The reader may not at first recollect who *Arich-Anpin* is; it is the cabalistic name of the Deity. In Dr. More's Works you read as follows:

Cum vero *Arich-Anpin*, infinitus sit *amplitude*, manifestum est oportere *ipsam esse Divinitatem*. Mori Opera Omnia in Fol. vol. i. p. 433. In 2dam tab. Cabalisticam.

The Jews have a peculiar notion respecting this *Arich-Anpin*. *Judæi membra generationis in ipsa Deitate admittunt*, manifestum est ex eo quod *Cochmah* vocant membrum generationis masculinum, et *Binah* matricem literæ Jod. Mor. ut sup. pag. 436.

The reader will hardly acquit me of an intention to raise a smile; but my principal motive for quoting this passage is to express my abhorrence and indignation at the scandalous prostitution of the powers of the human intellect.

The reader may be inclined to doubt of the existence of *this passage*, and of many others perhaps in the course of this work; but I can assure him, that if he should think it worth the trouble, he would find this and all of them in the very books to which I have given the most accurate references.

† *Littleness* is not always implied in a *Fairy*. We have *Morgan la Fay*, one of the Queens in *Mortè Arthur*, a Romance. She is called *Morgan la Fee*, in the French Romance of *La Table Ronde*. In Chaucer, *Fairy land* and *Fairies* are sometimes used for Hell and its ideal inhabitants, as thus,

Pluto, that is the King of Faerie.

Merchant's Tale in the Cant. Tales. v. 10101.

And again Proserpine says,

I am Queene of Faerie.—Ib. v. 10190.

I first was surprized at Dr. G——'s assertion of *great Fairies*, but am now convinced of the truth of it.

and

and small; by the horse of brass on which the Tartar King did ride; by the Chevaliers of the round table, by the Romantic exploits of British and Armoric Knights, by all that Sidney figured in Arcadia, by the manes of Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger; and finally, by all black letter books of magic potency; I rejoice to see thee, my worthy and learned friend; but wish that it were on a happier occasion.

Dr. F. Upon my word, *Dr. G.* you quite over-power me with knowledge, for which I own I have a partiality. Indeed I have made a rational use of the most irrational kind of study that ever man was engaged in; but Shakespeare, Shakespeare—it is *his* altar on which I have sacrificed the essence of an olio, consisting of yet stranger ingredients than ever his Witches used: to him have I offered up the rectified spirit of ancient nonsense; him have I presented with the essence * of *Dr. Dodypoll's Comedies*, of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, of *Pierce Pennyless's Supplication to the Devil*, of *Webster's White Devil*, and of the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*; of *Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance*; of the gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions; of *Gervase Sparklan's Book* † of *Armorie*; of *Drayton's Moon-calf*; of *John Taylor's Sculler* ‡; *Old Tuffer's Norwich*—of—what time fails me to mention—all those poetical productions—

Quæ divina opici rodebant carmina mures,

till I rescued them from that oblivion for which they were originally designed, and made them serve a nobler purpose than ever was before conceived; by them have I removed the clouds which obscured the SUN OF POETRY; his beams are suffered to blaze forth with meridian unfulfilled brightness §:

* *Some few* of the books *Dr. F-r-m-r* has read to illustrate Shakespeare. When men of genius like him and *Mr. Steevens* condescend to dig in an enorme fumier littéraire, they fertilize a barren soil by proper application of what Shakespeare might call “life in excrements.”

† The first chapter of *the Book of Armorye* is “the difference 'twixt *Charles* and *Gentleman*,” and it ends thus, “From the offspring of gentlemanly *Japhet* came *Abraham*, *Moses*, *Aaron*, and the Prophets; and also the King of the right line of *Mary*, of whom that *only absolute Gentleman*, *Jesus*, was borne:—*Gentleman* by his mother *Mary*, *Princesse* of *Coat Armour*.” A note of *Dr. F-r-m-r's* on a passage in *Henry the Fifth*.

‡ *John Taylor* dedicates his *Sculler* “To the whole kennel of *Antichrist's* hounds, priests, friars, monks, and Jesuits, mastiffs, mongrels, islands, blood-hounds, bobtailed-tikes, &c. &c.”

F-r-m-r's note on a passage in *Henry the Fifth*.

Here is a collection of more than *Dr. W.'s* apron-bellied *Caffres*, *Albinos*, &c. &c. &c.

§ Alluding to the late edition of Shakespeare, by *Johnson* and *Steevens*, with notes variorum; a work which reflects the highest honour on our national literature, and which must be the standard of excellence for all future editors. *Dr. F-r-m-r* and *Mr. Steevens* must be allowed, by all competent judges, to deserve the most cordial thanks of the British nation, for having first struck out the only method of illustrating the works of its greatest ornament—

———Insignem capiti petiisse coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora musæ!

Hor

Hor da la nube uscendo, iraggi intorno
Più chiari spiega, e ne raddoppia il giorno.

Faith, Dr. G. I could not help talking on our favourite subjects, especially as you struck a string first which accorded to my fancy. But how does poor Dr. W.? is he really so bad as he has been represented to be?

Dr. G. Indeed, my good friend, he is much worse; his frenzy has taken a stranger turn than you can conceive; he thinks himself to be *a monster**, a perfect Lion.

Dr. F. Stay, Dr. G. a monster? pray do you know if he has been reading any strange books of late; any thing in the conjuring way, or marvellous accounts of travellers of a century or two ago?

Dr. G. I cannot inform you as to that; strange books he certainly has read, though I do not think he understands them sufficiently to turn his intellect.

Dr. F. Pray, do you know if he ever reads Plays; is Shakespear a favourite with him; is he fond of *The Tempest*?

Dr. G. Why, Master F-r-m-r, I understand you; I cannot answer positively; but I find you are disposed to be jocular.

Dr. F. No, faith;—but what makes you think I mean to be jocular?

Dr. G. You understand me well, I am sure; you have an odd kind of *a fish*† in your head truly; you are alluding to that ancient monster my Master Caliban, and mean to ask if Dr. W. has a mind to act his character.

Dr. F.

* Felibien informs me, that Marchion d'Arezzo, Architect to Pope Innocent the Third (circ. A. D. 1198.) invented those *grotesque monsters* and *burlesque faces*, with which the spouts and gutters of ancient buildings are decorated. Marchion indeed used the *grinning animals* only to support columns. Felib. Vies des Peintres.

Since his time *these grinning animals* have been introduced into the Church for much worse purpose than to support columns.

† In the Philosophical Transactions for 1771, is an account of a *curious fish* from the South Seas, called the *Zebra fish*, for want of a better name; I have extracted some of its particularities. *Caput obtusum*, antice nudum—*os ascendens*—*Corpus squamosum*—*Color griseus*—*Fasciæ fixæ nigrae transversæ totum piscem cingunt*; prima per caput ducitur pone oculos, &c. See a Letter from Mr. Tyson to Mr. Lort. Phil. Transf. 1771. pag. 247.

I should rather conjecture this fish to be the *Congrum Maximum* of Terence, and which has been discovered lately by some naturalists in the *Archdeaconry of Ely*.

I cannot help adding a *very learned and ingenious* account given by the Hon. Daines Barrington to the Royal Society in 1774, of another *strange fish*, called the *Gillaroo Trout*, with the *gizzard-like stomach*. “The first time (says Mr. B.) that I ever happened to hear of this singular fish, was from an *Irish Judge*, who being on the Connaught circuit at *Ballynrobe*, in the county of Mayo, expressed his *incredulity* with regard to *their existence*, but was obliged to pay the common Irish
“wager

Dr. F. You have hit the function right; for you know, as a medical man, that if a person studies any particular subject too long, it strangely affects the mind, and at last *abeunt studia in mores*. I wished to know, merely for the sake of assisting you in the investigation of this intellectual malady. You remember that the God of Caliban's dam was *Setebos*; and *John Barbot*, a voyager of the present century relates, "that the *Patagons* are reported to dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos*." Magellan also confirms this account. But *Eden*, in his *History of Travayll* (1577. pag. 434.) informs us of a species of "Giants, who when they found themselves *fettered*, roared like bulls, and called upon *Setebos* to help them." Can you tell if *Dr. W.* has been reading any thing of this nature?

Dr. G. Indeed I cannot; where do you pick up these outlandish accounts? I suppose from *The gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, you were mentioning just now—In good troth, I think you have a mind to make me believe, that there are actually existing Unicorns and Phœnixes.

Dr. F. Not I truly; you have too much sense to be imposed on in any thing, except about Rowley; but if you object to Messrs. Eden and John Barbot, why you will at least give credence to the *Philosophical Transactions* no later than the year 1778? I do not mean as to my Master *Caliban*,

"wager of a rump of beef and a dozen of claret, on three or four being produced next day from a neighbouring lake."

The Hon. and ingenious Mr. B. next proceeds to inform the *Royal Society*, that these gizzard-stomachs are often served up at table in Ireland (which account the *Royal Society* swallows with great easiness, as it does most things) but supposing that some might be inclined to doubt, adds, "I could corroborate this fact, was it necessary, by the testimony of an *Irish Archbishop*." From an *Irish Archbishop*, by an easy transition, Mr. B. introduces an *English Fishmonger*, and declares with great solemnity, that he "has shewn the stomach to Mr. Everet of Clare-market, a very intelligent Fishmonger, who declares, that though he hath cut up thousands of trouts and selmons, he never observed any thing similar in the inside." *Phil. Trans.* 1774. p. 116. Euge, bene recte; I cannot help saying to the Hon. and ingenious Mr. B. Come, kill, eat, and make merry:

—Propera stomachum laxare faginis,
Et tua servatum consume in sæcula Rhombum.

Juv. Sat. 4. v. 67.

The reader will observe the rhetorical beauties in this short extract—Mr. B. darts from Ireland to England with incredible swiftness, from Ballingford to Clare-Market; then come in long array incredulous Irish Judges and rumps of beef, dozens of claret, tempered with water from a trout-stream, Irish Archbishops, and intelligent English Fishmongers (an epithet by-the-bye he denies to the Archbishop)—and all this waste of beautiful language and deep research to convince the *Royal Society* of the existence of gizzard-stomached trouts!—Yet this *Royal Society* can not only receive all this nonsensical ichthyological farrago, but select it for publication; while they could without a blush reject to my very particular knowledge the communications of a second Cotes, George Atwood, M. A. *Fuimus Troes*.

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but as to another godship like *Setebos* worshipped in Sumatra. The author of the paper assures us, that three superior Beings are worshipped in Sumatra, "the third of which is an *evil genius*, whom they stile *Murgiso*, and "to whom they use some incantations to *prevent him from doing them harm*." Now (I speak only conjecturally) if Dr. W. has been poring over accounts of this kind, who knows but a sudden ambition seized, not *the little* but THE GREAT DICKY, to unite in his own person the scattered excellencies of *Caliban*, *Setebos*, and the dread *Murgiso*, and failing in his audacious scheme, instead of a compounded Monster, he became a *simple Lion*.

Dr. G. The idea does much honour to your ingenuity; but if Dr. W. had ever such a thought, I think he would rather have been entitled to bear the name, arms, and signature of two personages you mentioned a little while ago, that is, to wit, *Drayton's Moon-Calf*, or *Sir Giles Goosecap*. But as I am afraid your conjectures will do no good, we only lose time; I know you wish me success in my extraordinary case, and your politeness will excuse my leaving you to visit the Doctor up stairs. I would take you up with me, but it would be no new sight to you, and you would be thinking of enchantments, distressed Knights, and couching an imaginary lance, or dreaming of Bel and the Dragon, or *Old Vice**, and I don't know what; and as I do not think it would be proper for you to laugh, I think you had better be advised by me without ceremony: so, a good morning to you, my Master F-rm-r.

I was soon again interrupted in a very short time by another Gentleman, it was enough to make *even me* swear; for whoever called, particularly requested to speak with me, and I was consequently obliged to comply through politeness. The servants told me Mr. M-nw-r-ng was below: I came down immediately, as I have a great opinion of this Divine, almost the only one in

* *Old Vice* was a personage very frequent in our ancient Comedies. I beg leave to present my reader with Mr. Upton's account of him: "*Old Vice* (says Mr. Upton) was a droll character in our old Plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap, with a pair of ass's ears, and a dagger of lath. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the Devil*; and he had several trite expressions, as, *I will be with you in a trice; Ah ha! boy, are you there?* &c. and this was great entertainment to the audience to see their old enemy so belaboured in effigy. *Vice* seems to be an abbreviation of *Vice-devil*, as *Vice-roy*, *Vice-doge*, &c. &c. therefore called very properly, *The Vice*. He makes very free with his Master, like most other *Vice-roys*, or *Prime Ministers*; so that HE is the *Devil's vice*, or *Prime Minister*, and (adds Mr. Upton) *this it is which makes him so saucy*."

Extract from Mr. Upton's Note on Rich. III. Act 3. Sc. 1.

* Like many other King's Professors of Divinity. I believe poor Dr. W. when in his senses made more fun with Him in the pulpit one day, than ever *Punch* did in the Puppet-show, to whom Dr. W. is legitimate successor. This was esteemed the Doctor's *Chef-d'œuvre* in Divinity:

*Pastorale canit signum; cornuque recurvo
Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus onne
Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonare profunda!*

our

our University, who concerns himself for *Jerusalem and the Sacred Mount*. He is not only accurately versed in professional subjects, but has added to his knowledge, true taste, and a zeal for the cultivation of pulpit * eloquence, of which scarce an idea can be formed in the present age. In former times, when the spirit of genuine piety breathed in our Divines; when the solemn Churchmen held up their holy arms to deprecate the vengeance of an offended Deity; when they assumed the port of Christ's own Ambassadors, and called aloud to penitence and saving faith with an authority as *though God did beseech* their audience *by them*; when the words of Religion thrilled in their own breasts, while they laboured to convince the *gainsayers*, and draw them unto Christ with cords of affection; when they *reasoned of righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come*, visibly demonstrating by no dubious signs that they felt the power of the *holy law made and given by God*, as became their age, and the excellency of their hallowed function; deeply sensible of this divine as well as poetic truth,

That who would † animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raise,
Must feel his own with all her spirit glow!

Then it was that the glory of the Lord shone round about the priesthood; when by forgetting themselves and their own little interests, they advanced the cause of the Gospel of Truth, not by cold, affected, elaborate declamations; but negligent of all the lesser graces of speech, they wielded at will the minds of their hearers, removed as it were, for a moment, the veil which covers the incomprehensible state from the eye of mortality, and bade them hold a transient communion with *the spirits of just men made perfect*!—I am not speaking of the sad and solemn Puritan; of superstition clothed in the garb of religion; but of such words as burst from the lips of heart-felt devotion.

I cannot help entertaining a respect for Mr. M-nw-r-ng as a man who seems desirous of restoring the Church to its *pristine* dignity, not by external pomp, but by well-enforced doctrine. The design is laudable; I am not qualified to give a decisive opinion of what he has advanced, but I must reverence the man. I went down to him; we talked about Dr. W.

* Mr. M-nw-r-ng's Sermons lately published, to which he has prefixed an Essay on sermon-writing.

† I cannot help observing to the reader, that he will find the same idea in the works of a man who is by no means ranked in that class in which he ought to be; I mean STRABO; he is not merely a Geographer; he is a Philosopher and an impartial Historian. That author's words are as follows:

Ἡ τοῦ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΥ ἀρετὴ συνεξουκταί τῃ τῶν Ἀνθρώπων. καὶ ἐκ οὗον τε ἀγαθὸν γενέσθαι Ποιητὴν, μὴ προτερον γενέσθαι ἈΝΔΡΑ ΑΓΑΘΟΝ.

Strab. l. i. p. 33. Edit. Amst. 1707, et p. 17. Edit. Casaub. Paris.

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but my mind had contracted so serious a turn from the above reflections, that our conversation was short; and Mr. M-nw-r-ng perceiving that my countenance had a sombrous cast, which he attributed to a different cause, soon took his leave.

After I had ordered something proper for the *Doctor*, I retired to K—g's C-ll-ge; my ideas soon took their usual lively turn, and I walked out to visit some patients and friends, and the next day repaired to *the house* where my assistance was *most wanted*. I no sooner arrived at Dr. W.'s when the Esquire Beadle, Mr. D. who was the Doctor's principal Keeper, came running down stairs, and informed me, that matters had taken a new turn since I was there last. Do not be surprized, Sir, said he, the Doctor is not indeed returned to his senses, but he has flung aside the *leonine* character; yesterday evening, between six and seven, he started up on a sudden, spoke in a human voice, called for his ermined robes, which he instantly put on; and flung aside his *cow's-tail* and uncombed *mane-like* wig. I was in hopes that your prescriptions had taken the desired effect; but no such thing. He then desired to have a large broomstick, which he poised in his right hand as an insigne of majesty, and sat himself down in an elbow chair. He then called aloud, Bid the Divan appear before us; summon our Counsellors of State; our Bashaws of three tails and those of only two; let our Janizaries be in readiness; and, harkee, give us *an handkerchief* in our pocket.

Esq. B. Sir, what do you mean?

Dr. W. Mean slave, do not you know me, all mighty as I am?

Esq. B. Yes, Sir, you are Dr. W-tf-n, late Pr-f-ff-r of Ch-m-stry, now Pr-f-ff-r of D-v-n-ty, and enumerated all his present and quondam titles. He raised his voice, and answered:

Dr. W. Who is he? I never heard of *the fellow*—I am TAMERLANE THE GREAT*, the firm and established Lord of the kingdoms of *Eraun*, and *Tooraun*; of *Room*, of *Muggrib*, and of *Shawm*; of the *Dusht of Jiteb*, the *Dusht of Kypcharwk*, and the *Dusht of Cabulistaun*; before me the mighty rivers the *Gibon* and the *Sihon*, the *Selenge*, and the *Aumur*, pour forth their tributary streams; and my uncontrollable sway is felt throughout the regions of the East, in cities of old and modern fame, from Agra and Lahor down to the Golden Chersonese, and in Samarchand, Bokhara, Cashgar, and Caracorum.—Slave, obey our nod; thou knowest our person;

Descendo magnorum haud unquam indignus avorum!

As I hesitated, and did not understand this uncommon jargon, he raised aloft the imperial broomstick, and felled me flat to the ground; and think-

* See the Heroic Address in Prose to Dr. W. pag. 36.

ing that he had dispatched me still farther than his imaginary kingdom, cried out, *Ὡς ἀπολοιτο καὶ ἄλλος!* so perish all who will not pay instant obedience to the mighty *Sabiba Kurraun*, to me who am *Lord of the Conjunction*.

But as I rose up quickly, not having received much damage, he replied, Be gone, execute our orders; away—nor more. I pretended to be convinced, and went forth from his presence, bowing as the Eastern mode prescribes; having lately read some account of Oriental Travellers. He seemed pleased with my obeisance. I really was puzzled how to proceed; I could not conceive whom I could pitch upon to act these Mahometan parts, the Divan and all the Counsellors; and by his desiring his *handkerchief*, I had some suspicion that he would have no objection, if I could also procure an imaginary *Haram*.

After much trouble, I at last bethought me how the Duke in Don Quixote acted, when Sancho was created Governor, and I accordingly prevailed on the servants of the house to dress themselves in fantastic garments, as much à la Turque as possible. I then went up to the imperial Tamerlane, and informed him, with lowest reverence, that they all waited his absolute and uncontrollable will. Who wait? he said. O mighty *Shah*, *thou disposer of kingdoms!* (I spoke with trepidation) thou knowest what thou hast commanded; I am thy meanest earth-born vassal; before thy imperial presence *the Lion couches* * *as at the rising Sun*; thy name is not to be profaned in vulgar characters; thou knowest that no act of thine is ever signed with that adorable signature, like the mean reptiles of the soil; thou sayest, and it is done; thou declarest, † *Thus it is given by Him, whom the Universe obeys*. I have executed thy pleasure, all unworthy as I am, even to kiss the dust thy lordly feet have trampled. I then prostrated myself again, as I had done before. But I perceived his countenance alter; the imperial broomstick fell from his hand:

He was entranced; the fillet burst that bound
His liberal locks, and all his floating form
Did seem to glisten with divinity!

Or, in other terms, he relapsed into what he was,—a Pr-f-ff-r of D-v-n-ty; two persons were seated in the corner of the room, who had entered in my absence; I thought I knew them; when Dr. W. for a moment in his right senses, spoke to me—My good friend, bear with me; it is a strange infirmity I have, which is nothing to those who know me; I have been in a manner

* The arms of the Emperor of Persia is a Lion couching at the rising Sun.

† All acts are signed in this manner by the Emperor of Persia, who never sets his name to any act.

beside myself, I have conceived and brought forth absurdity upon absurdity, with which I have long been pregnant. Approach, ye grave and reverend personages; (the celebrated Mr. C^d-ll of the Strand, and that bibliopolish *Behemoth*, R^v-ngt-n, were those whom he addressed) ye who, as well as myself, distinguish this happy and favoured century; the names of Stephens and Aldus will be forgotten, will be eclipsed, will be buried in everlasting night, while you sway, as is your sovereign right, over the world of Literature, or what is equal to that world; *all my writings* *, all the illustrious works of ME who vie in *genius* † and invention with Sir Richard Blackmore; with Mr. Giles Jacob, for entertainment; with Mr. John Dennis, in original obscurity and confusion; with Mr. Colley Cibber, in all that *frenzy* could beget on *folly*; with Ogilby the great ‡, in being the *prodigy of my time*, and for adding grace unto my works by printing them on *special good paper*:

Who rob Rome's ancient geese § of all their glories,
And cackling whiglike, baffle fiercest Tories!

Behold me in my proper dimensions; not a mere goose as mortals take me for; no, no, my origin is higher, I am not of the feathered race; know you who I am?—

* “*Good-writing and fair-reasoning* are sometimes different things; *that is*, a selection of well-sounding words formed into *harmonious* periods, may subsist without the support of either *truth or logic*.” Burney's Hist. Music. vol. i. pag. 117.

How conversant Dr. B. must have been with Dr. W.'s writings!

† Mr. Dennis in the Preface to his Remarks on Prince Arthur (Pref. Edit. 1696) has ventured to assert, that *Sir Richard Blackmore* had no genius: “*Genius* (says Mr. Dennis) is caused by a *furious joy and pride of soul*, on the conception of an *extraordinary hint*. Many men (says he) have their *hints* without these *motions of fury and pride of soul*, because they want *fire* enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call *Cold Writers*. Others who have a great deal of *fire*, but have not excellent organs, feel the aforementioned *motions* without the *extraordinary hints*; and these we call *Fustian Writers*.” But Mr. Dennis declares, that *Sir Richard* had neither the *hints* nor the *motions*.

‡ John Ogilby was one who made *such a progress* in Literature, as might well style him the *prodigy of the times*; and what added great grace to his works, he printed them all on a very good letter, and *special good paper*. Winstanley's Lives of the Poets.

§ Dr. W. has, I suppose, read *Hobbes's Leviathan*, and will remember the dedication, which probably made him assume the character of *Sir Giles Goosecap* in his sermonizing pamphlets. “He defends the supreme Powers (Mr. H. speaks of a party-writer) as the *geese* by their *cackling*; defended the Romans who held the capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their enemies; but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, if they had been possessed of the *Capitol*.” Dedic. to the *Leviathan*.

N. B. Dr. W.'s friends are *not yet* possessed of the *Capitol*; though if ever they should, I think they will be too wise to permit “*Argutos inter strepere anser olores*.”

I never

I never soar,
I only roar
Till ears are sore,
Behind, before,
I'm call'd a *Bore* *;
I will no more,

But you shall know, miscreants as you are, that I am no *Bore*, but Sovereign of the bestial train; not the elephant, Nature's chief master-piece†; but a *perfect Lion*. So saying, he tore his robes off, flew at Mr. C-d-ll, and bit off a piece of his ear; as to R-v-ngt-n, he cried out to my surprise in Latin, *avaunt, Non me tua fervida terrent dicta ferox*; for as Dr. W. was about to attack *him*,

——R-v-ngton alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd!
——Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued;—*chairs, tables, glasses,*
At last had gone to wreck, disturbed and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not—

I, a poor simple Esquire Beadle, rushed in between them to prevent such horrid fray. R-v-ngt-n assisted me, and we obtained a mastery of him in about half an hour. You perceive I am clawed outrageously; R-v-ngt-n was wounded in his nose, his navel, and so downwards according to the man in the Almanack, of which fatal events he and *his family* must rue the consequence; and all that he has lost, time shall restore with tardy hand. Dr. W. is now accoutred again en Lion, with his cow's-tail, &c. and you will perceive no difference‡.

* A sign Dr. W. was in a frenzy; for as Horace justly observeth:
Aut insanit Homo, aut versus facit.

Now Dr. W. unites these qualities:
Omnes artes habent commune quoddam vinculum, &c.

Mart. Scribl.

† So sayeth the acute Dr. Donne;

Nature's great master-piece, an Elephant,
(The only *harmless* great thing) the giant
Of beasts; *who thought none has to make him wise.*

Dr. Donne's Progress of the Soul. Stanz. 39.

What a resemblance to our *half-reasoning* Hero, as Mr. Pope justly terms this giant.

Mart. Scribl.

‡ If the reader should think this speech of the Esquire Beadle rather long; he is desired to remember the long-winded harangues of the *Αγγελοι* in the Greek Tragedians.

Dr. G.

Dr. G. Zounds, Mr. Esquire Beadle, why did not you fend for me?

Esq. B. I intended, but who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious, in a moment? Macbeth could not; how can you then expect it of an Esquire Beadle?

Dr. G. There is some truth in what you say; but zounds, d-mn it, fire and furies, hell and destruction, he has not served poor R-v-ngt-n as the Jews served Edmund Curl*; or even worse? He has not —?

Esq. B. I cannot tell what he has done, you must ask the Surgeon who attends him. Mr. P—tt thinks he never will have any more encrease of family; but that is out of my Province. I have told you how matters are; do come up immediately. We never were so much deceived in any one as in the Doctor. I will not let him loose again in a hurry, I'll warrant you.

I blamed them for their conduct, and then went up to the patient; whom I found exactly in the same state in which I had left him; though he seemed rather wilder, and no wonder after such *bloody odd* freaks as the Esquire Beadle had related. I was beginning to think of some new remedies, when the servant informed me the celebrated Mr. C^m-mb^e-rl^d-nd was below. I was rather surprized, I own, to hear so, as I thought *his own affairs* had made him a little distracted, though he has been more successful as a play-wright, than his genius could have led him to expect. I do not love your comic sentimental profers, especially when there is reason to fear that they are mere words; the letter of morality without the spirit; I have no idea of what an able writer † calls,

——Retailing holy writ,
Making the ten commandments pass for wit.

Besides, I love to be certain, that what a man produces is *his own*; I hate your borrowed ‡ plots and scenes mutilated and mangled from the original piece. But now, indeed, compositions for the Theatre are matters of interest and intrigue; few, if any, write with the spirit of men who are desirous of reputation *un-pelfed*.

* See an account of the circumcision of Edmund Curl, in which operation he lost five times as much as any Jew ever lost before. Swift's Works.

† As this Gentleman has thought proper to with-hold his name from the little Poem whence these lines are taken (See Bath and its Amusements, a Poem in Ann. Reg. 1777) I should not mention it, if I knew it; I only wish that this author may favour the public with more of his productions, for he might do honour to the age, like a Sheridan or a Tickel.

‡ It is known by *certain persons*, that Mr. C-mb rl-nd borrowed the whole plot and plan of the *West Indian* from a friend of his, well-known in the literary world. This will be denied by Mr. C.'s friends, because, perhaps, even they are not in the secret. I appeal to Mr. C. himself. Facts are stubborn things.

Such

Such is forlorn *Zoraida's* dismal Bard,
 A full-stuff'd, friend-cramm'd house, his *hop'd* reward;
 Hot from the French Aristotelian school,
 Behold a Tragedy by line and rule!
 To you, ye Gods, he makes his *first* appeal,
 The Press must next his hidden worth reveal:
 Around his temples many a tendril plays
 Of owlish ivy with the Mœvian bays;
 His tragic prior-after-script * so clear,
 Makes his van dark, and dimly-bright his rear†.

If the Tragedian has the eye of his mind fixed on a full house, he will in vain hope to inflame his imagination to the genuine enthusiastic raptures, which the Bards of other times felt with energy; no, the Grecian should be his model. Ask you why Æschylus roused the dormant passions, and walked in the abyss of mind, when his muse called up the ghastly band of Grecian ghosts; when he pointed to the Persian abodes; when he invoked the furies from their Stygian recesses; when he bade the spirit of the storm † roll all its terrible fury round the head of him who defied the power of Jove. Ask you why? it was fame that raised his aspiring thoughts and impeded his eagle wing: this it was that gave the Greeks their noble genius, and their yet unrivalled ardour—

Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui: *præter laudem* nullius avaris.

It is not from a foolish admiration of Greek; I speak merely from a conviction of the truth of the assertion. While I was coming down I thought the servant must have made a mistake, for I was almost certain that Mr. C-mb-rl-d was at *Madrid* on business of his own, or of *other folks*. I was inclined to think *his own*; for very few leave this free country, except *sundry reasons* (best known to themselves) *them moving and inciting thereto*. I came into the parlour and found it was as I had conjectured, the servant had mistaken the name; it was Mr. C—ke, the new K-ng's Pr-f-ff-r of the Greek language. I knew him well; and an uncommon young man he is, of great erudition, and severe application; his principal fault is a want of judgment; but when increase of years shall have brought with them increase of wisdom, he promises fair to be a man of consideration in the literary world; indeed his unadvised publications hitherto have made the

* See *Zoraida*, a Tragedy; to which is added a *Postscript* on the nature of Tragedy.

Che porta lume *dietro*, e se non giova.

† See a Poem entitled, "Dialogical Wanderings."

‡ Σκιστὰ δ' ἀνεμῶν πνεύματα παντῶν—κτλ. Æsch. Prom. sub. fin.

world inclined to believe a known doctrine of Avicenna the Arabian physician; that when learning is mixed with a brain whose contexture is not adapted to receive it, a fermentation ensues till the whole be exhausted. But we will hope better things;

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum.

I told him poor Dr. W.'s case, but did not let him know the kind part his father took in the business; for I am inclined to think, if I had told him so, it would have made him also *d-mn'd mad*; and I should have had another *frenzy* on my hands, of which I was by no means ambitious. On his late promotion to his Pr-f-ff-rsh-p, I could not help saying to him, Σπαρταν ἐλαχες, ταυταν κοσμει; which advice, I believe, was not in vain. He wished me a good day with a very peculiar politeness and address, verifying that elegant and refined Mantuan observation:

Gratior est pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.

As I found all my attempts hitherto had been vain towards effecting Dr. W.'s cure; I thought it time seriously to consider whether it was a common frenzy, or if he was in reality, as Harvey expresseth it, *cacodæmone obsessus*. I thought that might be the real case; I began to consider discreetly with myself that I must have recourse to some *other art* besides physic. The K—g's Pr-f-ff-r of physic is certainly but an old woman; Dr. C—ll-gn-n is no conjuror; Dr. P—nn-ngt-n is young and inexperienced, and *ought to be minding his chemistry*; but be it spoken to his eternal infamy, that he has undertaken a branch of knowledge so curious and useful in its nature, that the Un-v-rs-ty of C-mbr-dge, should *never again* permit its Pr-f-ff-r to hold the office without giving some lectures; that he has been nominal Pr-f-ff-r above six years, during which time he has shuffled off in a sneaking manner, either from professional business, inexcusable idleness, or shameful incapacity; and deprived the young Students of powers of making themselves proficient in that entertaining science. He ought to be told so in no gentle manner.

As I was deprived of any professional assistance, and yet wanted some; I at last bethought me of repairing to a Gentleman, a Mr. At—d, almost the only *conjuror* in the Un-v-rs-ty, I believe. So I went to his apartment, and told him the case; at which he was not at all surprized, but rather entertained. I then said it was in his power to be of service, if he would be so obliging as—He started up in a fury, I—you are mad, Dr. G. I think, to propose such a scheme *to me*;—no, I will have nothing to do in the matter. I will tell you an anecdote, however, which perhaps you are not acquainted with, relative to Dr. W. and the Royal Society, as you seem to be in a joking mood.

You

You know that Dr. W. is a great naturalist, or at least a pretender to philosophy, in which he has made many important discoveries. He once took it into his head to try if he could discover the *palpability of colours* *; his experiments failed. Well, nothing could divert his mighty mind from real science; therefore he thought he might at least be able to ascertain the respective degrees of heat, of which each primary colour is possessed. Our Philosophical Scriblerus had now in his contemplation an object worthy of his intellectual powers. It was Winter; dreary was the prospect; Nature was covered with her snowy mantle; no verdure gratified the labouring eye, save on the gentle Laurestina, whose foliage never withers at the approach of harmful blast; with many other brumal appendages, which Poets describe better than Philosophers; so I shall proceed. The Doctor prepared for the experiment; he ordered his taylor to procure him seven pieces of cloth of the seven primary colours, (which by-the-bye he first explained to the taylor;) then addressing himself to the Parent of light and heat;

SOL, qui flammigeris mundum complexus habenis,
Volvis inexhausto redeuntia sæcula motu
Solve diem meliore comâ!

The Sun heard; but granted not his suppliant's request; clouds and darkness obscured his radiant form. The Doctor was not terrified; but proceeded, fired with the thoughts of being recorded to distant ages, and suffered the cold North wind to visit his face roughly, while he prepared to enlighten mankind.

Sin has ne possit naturæ accedere partes,
Frigidus obstaret circum præcordia sanguis;

He with wisdom provided himself with a noble furtout against the intensity of the cold, lined with the shag of the *Lion*, as if prescient of his future destination. Now all was prepared. The Doctor placed with much solemnity the seven pieces of cloth of equal thickness on a level surface of snow, and left them bare and exposed to weather from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. He then returned when the horizon was no longer gladdened with the all-cheering ray; and viewed *his own* work. When behold a matter of marvellous in his eyes; *The Black* had sunk the deepest of them all; and *consequently* he judged (from the strict rules of

* I suppose Dr. W. did not pursue the method of his Sire Martinus Scriblerus, for we are informed in that great man's *Memoirs*, that "it was he who first found out the *palpability* of colours; " and by the delicacy of his touch could distinguish the different vibrations of the heterogeneous " rays of light."

reasoning) that it had *more heat* than the others. Here was matter of triumph for THE CLOTH! In exultation he immediately transmitted the account to the Royal Society, and the Doctor *thereupon* was created F. R. S. Various were the conjectures which that learned body formed concerning this astonishing discovery; they were however at a loss to account whence the black had this peculiar efficacy. The *Jove-like majesty of Pringle* nodded assent, when a deeply intelligent member observed, with composure and gravity, that it arose from the black having a superior power of imbibing the solar heat beyond that of the other colours; and this was the cause * why (but begged leave to be understood that he proposed it to the Society merely as his own *conjecture*) that it acted upon the particles of snow in a more sensible manner. The Society rested in this ingenious solution, when an arch Gentleman, then lately admitted to the same honour as the Doctor, rose and spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of this Royal Society,

It may appear presumption or folly in me to attempt an explication of this uncommon Phænomenon, especially after the learned and satisfactory solution, given by our ingenious Brother. I perfectly agree with that Gentleman, that it is the property of light to illumine objects which are exposed to its influence, and of heat, to possess a certain caustic power which, according to its intensity, either consumes the substances on which it acts, or dissolves the tenacity of bodies condensed by cold. But as this Society is always ready to hear with indulgence the conjectures of its meanest associates, I beg leave to propose with diffidence my humble opinion. It seemeth unto you a matter of great surprize that *The Black* imbibed a greater proportion of the rays, and consequently of heat (as the Gentleman who spoke last observed with great truth) than any other of the primary colours. I confess it would have been at first obvious to suppose that the God of war and bloody contention would have arrayed his votaries in that colour, which, by its superior warmth, might have expanded and dilated their souls with that vigour his service so peculiarly demands; we naturally should incline to this opinion, and perhaps with reason. But short-sighted mortals that we are! satisfied with our first ideas, we sit down, and applaud our own ingenuity; till maturer reflection, or the suggestions of other men incline us to question the validity of those first principles,

* Mr. Hartley speaking on a subject (not relating to this present business) says, that "*The cause of the cause is also the cause of the thing caused; which certainly is as evident in the application of it to the present subject, as in any other instance where it can be applied.*"

Hart. Observ. on Man. Part 2. chap. 4. sect. 5. Prop. 94.

This sentence is left to the consideration of the King's decypherer; for he must have a royal understanding who can decypher what Mr. H. really does mean.

O miseras hominum mentes! o pectora cæca!
 Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisq; peric'lis
 Degitur hoc ævi quodcunque est!

As you are all versed in the history of mankind, in the scenes which are unfolded in her ample and eventful page, you cannot but remember the causes of war * still more fierce than ever was kindled by the breath of mere civil dissention. You have read, you have trembled as you read, the superstition, the bigotry, the full-winged ambition of aspiring Churchmen, whose aim was to lord it over the profane herd; who having another world whereon to fix their engine, strove, with the spirit of the bold Syracusan, to wield *this* at their pleasure; but meeting with resistance from the honest opposition of those who were conscious of their own inherent dignity, and the original equality of mankind, raised in the breasts of their deluded followers, a fire which was to burn for ages with unremitting fury; brandished aloft the torch lighted at superstition's altar, disfigured the mild attractive mien of pure religion, and dyed in unholy sacrilegious blood the sable garments of a sad and solemn priesthood. Those times are now done away; but ambition is naturally inherent in their offspring; *Even in their ashen cold is fire yreken* †.

Mr. President, you will excuse the zeal which has transported me beyond the bounds I had prescribed to myself; but the inference I mean to draw is this, That as the *black* colour is appropriated to *the Church*, I should conjecture that the piece used by the Doctor in this experiment, was in all probability a strip of a coat which formerly belonged to some ambitious Divine, (the Bthp of P^t-rb-gh perhaps) who had fire enough in his composition to have consumed his lawn sleeves. But perhaps it was a strip

* Socrates observes in his Ecclesiastical History, with great acuteness as well as truth, that the causes of dissention in the several Churches, and from thence of Kingdoms themselves, arose from misinterpreted texts: such slight sparks kindled so mighty a flame. *Αγλαφούς χρησασθαι φωναίς διὰ σχεδὸν ἢ πάντα γέγονε συγχύσις τε καὶ ἀκαταστάσις τῶν Ἐκκλησιῶν.*

Soc. Hist. Ec. l. i. cap. 8. pag. 26. edit. Reading. Cantab. 1720.

This Socrates (who was born early in the fifth century) was bred to the Law, and pleaded at the Bar; he is one of the most moderate of the Ecclesiastical Historians. Le Clerc observes of him, "As he was a Lawyer, he had learned and acquired from the course of his studies a moderation and an equity rarely to be found in the ecclesiastics of that time." If Divines of the present age were a little more versed in original Ecclesiastical Historians, than they are in general, no harm would ensue from it, as it is their business to see ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica Christiana. It is one thing to peruse the ancient Fathers of the Church with a blind and implicit deference to their opinions and dogmas; but a very different affair to study them for real information, as perhaps the most authentic documents we have of the early periods of the Church. I do not mean that a man should stile Gregorius Nazianzenus his *delicæ*, without having ever read ten pages of his works. *Philos. &c.*

† Chaucer, Merchant's Tale.

Mr. Gray has imitated this line—"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." Elegy.

of the Doctor's own coat ; for I prophesy that one day he will think deeply of terrestrial *sublunary* objects ; not of *impalpable* colours, not of mysterious solar *parallaxes*—No, believe me, he will fix his hopes on this terrestrial planet ; he will observe the

———*Momenta Leonis,*

Cum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum,

and direct his full undiverted attention to his own *ascension*, *right or oblique*. I have spoken : be it your province to judge of what I have delivered.

As soon as he had finished his harangue, a general murmur of applause was heard ; they all expressed their satisfaction at this ingenious account ; and, as is the nature of mankind, they forgot what the *first* speaker had advanced, and were fully persuaded by what they *last* heard. Sir John Pringle ordered the Secretary to write down these conjectures, and in— years they proved true.

Dr. G. Why, Mr. A——d, I must confess your narration, though long, has afforded me much entertainment : but time will not permit me to make any remarks on it, and my business is urgent. I implore you, on the part of humanity, to come along and see if you can be of service. I know nothing of your private reasons * ; homo es ; humani nihil a te alienum puta. Mr. A. could not resist this argument, and we set out together. As soon as we entered the house, I took him up to the room where the Doctor was, though much against his will ; for he said he was sure it would be ineffectual. When he entered the apartment, I was indeed surprized ; for the Doctor, as soon as he spied him, reared up on his hind legs attempted to roar, and would have bit him if it had been in his power. Mr. A——d also shewed marks of uncommon perturbation. I expected there would have been a violent verbal contest (as the Doctor now-and-then at intervals *spoke* in a *human* voice ;) but behold, what Congreve says of *Petulant*, and *Sir Wilful* was verified in their persons, “ They neither of them “ could speak for rage, and so fell a sputtering at each other like two “ roasting apples.” I got Mr. A——d out of the room as soon as I could, thanked him for his having obliged me with coming, (though he did not thank me for bringing him) and told him I would not trouble him any more, as I was perfectly convinced that it would be all in vain.

I now was absolutely confounded, and was certain I had no method left but to proceed as on a person who was *bewitched* or *possessed with a devil*, and of course was to be *exorcised*. I never had had a similar patient ; nor did I know the nature of exorcisation, when a lucky thought struck me. I went to my good friend, Dr. F-r-m-r, and knowing that he was in possession of many strange

* Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum PALLANTA.

and

and scarce books, thought that it was possible he might have one on *that subject*. When I entered his study, and had told him my distress, he laughed heartily, and with his usual good * humour said, Is that all your distress? I will soon relieve you. He then took down a folio book; There, said he, is *Scott on Witches, Devils, &c. &c.* and you will find ample instruction how to proceed against them; so now prepare yourself for *exorcisation*. He then laughed heartier † than before, though he agreed with me it was the only mean left, the only hope of success; he advised me to be punctual in observing the directions which Mr. Scott prescribed, because if I omitted any, I could not expect to accomplish so uncommon, so tremendous a purpose. I thanked him and took the book home with me, resolved to put the directions, in full force, that I might have nothing with which to reproach myself.

I went home much pleased with Dr. F-r-m-r's reception, and my good fortune in procuring the book which I so much desired. I began to read, and found it the most *bloody odd* book I ever remembered to have seen. Though I was by no means certain that the directions would have the efficacy I wished, yet being anxious to do every thing in my power towards the restoring my theologic patient; I went to the house again, told the Nurse and attendants to continue the same remedies which I had prescribed, and in three or four days I should return again, as I had an operation to perform which would require much preparation. I desired *The Lion* might be put into the largest room in the house, and as much in the corner of it as possible, because I should require a considerable space for the performance; I also informed them, that it must be done in secrecy, that no

* I have often had great pleasure myself in observing this happiest of all qualities in Dr. F-r-m-r, and am convinced that Dr. G. hath spoken of him with truth, though the reader will perceive it is also *con amore*.

† Not like Falstaff, "as melancholy as a *gib-cat*."—Upon this the Commentators are pleasant. Dr. Johnson begins, "A *gib-cat* means, *I know not why*, an *old cat*." Dr. Percy informs us next, that a *gib-cat*, in Northamptonshire, means a *be-cat*, which in some part of England is called a "*ram-cat*"; and in Shropshire, a *tup-cat*:" Mr. Warton (& *finis coronat opus*) brings a train of authorities on this important question, shewing *how* *Gib* is short for *Gilbert*, and *Tib* for *Tibert*; *how* *Jack* is appropriated to a horse, and *Tom* to a pigeon; *how* Chaucer in his *Romaunt de la Rose*, mentions *Gibbe our cat*, to which *Tib* was synonymous; as it is at this day: *how* we read the following passage in *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (which is a right pleasant, witty, and merry Comedy, written by Mr. S. Master of Arts) viz. "Hath no man stolen her ducks, or *gelded* *GIB* her cat?" Upon which Mr. Warton *gravely* observes, the composure of a cat is almost characteristic; and *I know not* (see Dr. Johnson's words, ut sup.) whether there is not a superior solemnity in the gravity of a *HE-CAT*. Mr. W. has left it a matter of doubt, whether *his own gravity* is in consequence of *his* having suffered the operation which *Gammer Gurton's Gib-cat* underwent. I shall not decide on this momentous question; I can only add, without being in the least *melancholy*,

Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, *mascula* dicas, &c.

one must be acquainted with my intention, or be privy to the operation itself, while I was *in the act*. They promised they would punctually obey my orders.

Accordingly having made myself a perfect master of the method of executing the feat I was to perform, on the evening I had assigned, I set out with all my utensils, garments, &c. &c. in the coach belonging to our College, and arrived at Dr. W.'s between eleven and twelve o'clock. It was the hour of solemnity *!

Dii, quibus imperium est animarum umbræq; filentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
Sit mihi fas *exacta* loqui; sit numine vestro
Pandere res altâ *jam sub* caligine merfas!

I was conducted to the room where Dr. W. was confined, and when all my instruments and necessaries were deposited; the attendants left me by myself, and having locked the door, I proceeded to prepare matters for the solemnity of this almost unprecedented occasion. I first proceeded to form an *imaginary circle*, and then consecrated it in the following manner †:

I cloathed myself with a black garment reaching to my knee, and under that a white robe of fine linen that fell down unto my ancles, with a Frier's hood, and a bell and book in my hand, and fixed myself in the middle of the place in which I intended to perform *my conjurations*. I then threw *my old shoes* about ten feet from the place, and put on my *consecrated shoes* of russet leather cut in proper fashion; and taking my magical wand, which was a new hazel-stick, about two yards in length, I stretched forth

* I wonder Dr. G. was not afraid of being considered by the Ecclesiastical Law as a heretic, and burnt accordingly by the writ *de heretico comburendo*; though by the Common Law he could only be *pilloried*, 3 Inst. 44. Hawkins, in his Pleas of the Crown, defines "*forcerers* to be those who " by the use of certain superstitious words, or by the means of images, &c. are said to produce " strange effects above the ordinary course of nature. By Stat. 1. James I. c. 12. Such offenders are divided into four degrees, and those of the first, viz. " Such as use any invocation or conjuration of any evil spirit," shall suffer as *Felons without benefit of Clergy*; and even though the spirit did *not* appear upon invocation, the offender was still within the statute. However, since writing the above, I find this law was repealed in the ninth of George the Second. Dr. G. certainly was apprized of this, or he never would have ventured to have undertaken this feat: though I really think *Physicians* should have been exempted from the penalty, as no man can tell what services they may be required to perform.

† Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft. To save the trouble of constant references, the reader (who thinks it worth his while) will find a more ample account of ceremonies like these in book the 15th of that work. I laugh and tremble when I think of the weakness and prostitution of the human intellect in the different ages of the world.

Ira cadat naso, rugosaque fanna,
Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello. Perf. S. 5.

my arm to all the four winds thrice, turning myself round at every wind, and saying all that while, with great fervency :

I, who am the servant of Demogorgon, do by the virtue of his dreaded name, sanctify unto myself the circumference of nine foot about me +++. From the East, **Glaurah** ; from the West, **Garron** ; from the North, **Cabon** ; from the South, **Berith** ; which ground I take for my proper defence from all malignant spirits, that they may have no power over my soul or body, nor come beyond these limitations. **Worrh. Worrh. Marcot. Cambalon** +++.

After I had performed these ceremonies *, the place so sanctified was equivalent to any real circle whatsoever. I then lighted seven candles ; and divided the circle into seven parts, and wrote seven names at the seven divisions, and set at every name a candle lighted in a brazen candlestick in the space betwixt the circles ; the names were these ; **Cados** +, **Erberie** +, **Arich** +, **Sabbac** ∇, **Sagun** ++, **Aba** +, **Abalidoth** ∆.

When I had thus done, I proceeded to invoke those beings who might be most propitious to the furthering of my purpose. I then, with much solemnity and reverential awe, pronounced the prescribed form of words : I soon perceived the doctorial Lion was agitated by the most violent convulsions I ever beheld ; his breast heaved in irregular motions ; every fibre shook to the inmost recesses of his frame ; his nostrils breathed a dark-red fire ; his *cow's-tail*, his *mane-like* wig, his *tawny-coloured* leather girdle fell from him at an instantaneous impulse ; and behold suddenly,

As when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundering *Ætna* ;

Dr. W.'s body seemed to burst in twain as it were ; and from that horrid rift out-rushed an enormous Demon, who glared on me with vengeful mien, and vanished. As I was so accurately versed in the nature of spirits, and their different forms, owing to my late studies, I immediately disco-

* This ceremony is different from what Mr. Crantz informs me the *Angekak*, or forcerer, uses in Groenland.

" First the *devotee* drums a while, making all manner of distorted figures, by which he enervates his strength and works up his enthusiasm. Then he goes to the entry of the house, and there gets a person to tie his head between his legs, and his hands behind his back with a string ; and then all the lamps in the house must be put out, and the windows shut up. For no one must see the interview between him and the spirit ; no one must stir, not so much as to scratch his head, that the spirit may not be hindered, &c. He (the *Angekak* or forcerer) then begins to sigh, and puff, and foam with great perturbation and noise, and calls for the spirit to help him, and has often great trouble before he comes," &c.

Crantz's History of Groenland, ed. 8vo. vol. 1. pag. 210.

vered who it was. His name was the mighty ORIAS. He is thus described by the High Priest of Lucifer*: "*Orias is a great Marquess, and is seen as a Lion, with a serpent's tail, and carrieth in his right hand two great serpents hissing; he teacheth the virtues of the stars, he transformeth them; he giveth dignities and prelacies.*" But as my sight might be deceived, I rather thought, on second consideration, that it was the tremendous ALLOCER, who is thus described: "*Allocer is a strong Duke and great, he cometh forth like a soldier †; he hath a Lion's face, very red, and flaming eyes; he speaketh with a big voice; he maketh a man wonderful in astronomy, and in all the liberal sciences.*"

As soon as this dreadful operation was finished, the Doctor was restored to his proper shape, and delivered from the power of the *evil one*; he dropt down in a deep sleep, or rather trance, as it proved afterwards; when I perceived this, I called on the power of slumber to close his weary eyelids in deep repose, as erst the Grecian bard invoked it to soothe the sorrows of the Lemnian hero ‡.

I then called up the domestics, and told them that I believed I could congratulate them on the terror being dispelled; that I had no doubt after what I had performed and seen, that the Doctor would be himself again in a short time.

I then desired them to pack up all my instruments, utensils, and uncouth garments, which they did, and carried them back to my coach, without asking a question, to my great surprize, as curiosity delighteth to dwell in servants and in old women; but it was ordained that I should not be interrupted nor ruffled throughout the whole of this important transaction; the most singular and awful that ever fortune presented and enabled me to undergo with unexpected presence of mind; but if I had related the dread account with every concomitant circumstance of horror, it would have made *each particular hair* of the two Presidents, and of all the Fellows of the Royal Society, and of the Royal College of Physicians, to stand *like quills upon the fretful Porcupine*: but I have forborne; as it would have been a shrewd affliction to me to observe such effects on *men of science*, for whom I have so cordial an esteem. I got into my coach grimly pleased at the success, and was safe in K-ng's C-ll-ge between four and five that morning. I determined in the course of the next day to return Dr. F-r-m-r my sincere thanks for his goodness in affording me the use of so precious a book, and for which he merits the unfeigned tribute of heart-felt gratitude, not only from the Un-v-rs-ty of C-mbr-dge, but from the whole British nation, for having been the means of restoring to his pristine form the *Bulwark of its law, government, and religion*!

* Mr. Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, b. 15. ch. 11.

† It is said that he hath lately raised a regiment of fable troops for some *infernal* service.

‡ Soph. Philoctet. *Tame odious odious, &c.*

I now proceed to the *Fourth Part* of my NARRATIVE, which I mention last, as being its natural place ; I mean

THE EVENTUS. When I had recovered myself from the severe fatigue of that *d-mned exorcisation*, which I would not undergo again for the wealth of Mead or Ratcliffe ; I paid another visit to Dr. W. I enquired of the attendants how he had been all the preceding day, whether he had called for any thing to refresh himself with, or shewn any signs of his *wonted sagacity*. They informed me, that he had continued in the same profound sleep, or trance, ever since I had left him. I went up to the room, and found every thing as they had represented to me ; I felt the Doctor's pulse, and found that it beat in a manner which indicated he would certainly be restored to *bodily sanity*, though it might be some time before *he came to himself* ; because * * * * *

Here the MSS. was so blotted and otherwise defaced, that I could not transcribe it in a manner that would have done justice to the excellency of Dr. Gl—n's Narrative, which I had hitherto executed in the most religious and faithful manner ; but I could perceive from some half-intelligible passages in the remainder of it, that Dr. G. left it as a matter of *very great doubt*, whether Dr. W—t—n ever *would again recover the perfect use of all his senses*.

Sunt geminae somni portæ : quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris ;
Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto ;
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes.
His ibi tum natum Anchises, unaque Sibillam
Prosequitur dictis, *portâq; emittit eburnâ* *.

* Virg. Æn. 6.

F I N I S.